ANONYMOUS

THE WARTIME ROLE OF MILITARY MASCOTS

By Debbie Elicksen

Elicksen, Debbie
Anonymous / Debbie Elicksen

ISBN 978-0-9878410-6-3

Publisher
Virtual Publishing
Division of Publishing Media Creative
Edmonton, Alberta
Canada
debbieelicksen.wix.com/debbieelicksen

Second Edition: 2016
First Edition: 1996

Acknowledgements

This project could not have been possible without the cooperation of the enlisted. Thanks to each of them who took the time and effort to write or call me with their stories.

A special thanks to Legion Magazine, Army Magazine, Marine Corps Gazette, The Retired Officer Magazine, Sea Power, The Military Collector's Club of Canada, Calgary Herald Neighbors, Calgary Mirror and Jeff Collins of Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) Radio in Calgary's "Homestretch" for allowing me to reach those who served.

Most of all, thanks to my mother, Helen, who made available our "in-house" library, and to my father, Russ, who gave me the thirst for military knowledge and the idea for this book.

Contents

Dedicated to the memory of:

Russ (Biscuits) Dembiski
STO 2/c V.41268
HMCS Nonsuch: Edmonton
HMCS Naden III: Comox
HMCS Naden I: Esquimalt
HMCS Sault Ste. Marie

Preface

When I was still living at home, I was looking through Dad's old navy photographs. Even though I had seen them several times, it finally struck me. There were animals in some of the pictures.

"Hell, yes!" Dad retorted, then he proceeded to tell me about some of his ship's mascots.

What was fascinating was he never talked about the war except for his shore leave stories and about some of the people he had met. I thought about all the veterans I knew and realized they, too, never spoke about the war. But bring up the topic of mascots and they would talk for hours.

Researching military mascots has not been easy. When I first started on this book (well before the Internet was a sparkle in Bill Gates' eye), except for a few blurbs in rare publications, the concept was virtually unrecorded. I came across one American book but the stories included only United States and British mascots. I had exhausted all my resources after a half page of notes.

The last place I looked was at the servicemen themselves. Given their reluctance to describe their conditions, I wasn't sure how well they would respond. As it turned out it was my best source of research.

I received letters from all over the world. Some sent photographs, some sent leads to other sources. Stories varied in detail, ranging from half page to five pages to personally published books. Some stories were vague and some included graphic details. In most of the stories, the elements of war in which these servicemen were reluctant to share had resurfaced. Those elements were a key to describing how mascots adapted to certain situations.

To remember a mascot in such detail after more than 50 years says a lot about the bond these men had shared. It's true that some of those details may be sketchy and even a bit mixed up due to the aging of the veteran. I left their descriptions intact because it is how these men perceived their experiences. Please forgive any errors they may have used in their letters.

Today, there is so much more available about mascots. Because this book has been in the making for so many decades, I think it's more important to share these letters from the servicemen. Most have more than likely passed on by now and this is a small piece of their legacy.

The main impression you will formulate is that the wartime mascot was a key to survival. Perhaps that is why you will detect an element of fondness in their recollections.

It is for the servicemen and women that I write this book. They sacrificed their lives for the good of democracy and their experiences, however trite, need to be heard. Lest we forget.

Introduction

In contrast to how warfare is portrayed in the movies, in the live theater of war, there is no glory. While elements may differ at sea, air, land or between battles and wars, a common link remains: war is hell.

At war, each enlisted man or woman must reach within the depths of their souls to maintain their personal sanity. Letters from home are as precious as freedom and each allows the serviceman to sustain another day.

Camaraderie is deep and can't be described well enough on paper. Living with death on a daily basis creates an unspeakable bond between humans. They may rival, feud and manifest genuine dislike but the relationship is an eternal one.

In keeping with that camaraderie, nearly every rank and company enlisted a mascot. The mascot might have been the officer's pet or an orphaned pup that happened to stroll by the unit. Officially, mascots were against the rules and had to be smuggled into the ranks. Some were christened the role of regimental pet or regimental mascot, and their cost and care was borne by the regiment or unit they were in.

The use of mascots is a centuries-old tradition. A British army goat served in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers during the 1775 American War of Independence. More recently (2016), the First The Queen's Dragoon Guards enlisted a Welsh Mountain Pony as a mascot to honor the regiment's Welsh heritage.

The Queen's Royal Hussars used a horse to carry a set of silver drums they acquisitioned from the French at the 1743 Battle of Dettingen. It is a tradition that has carried through to modern times, only now using replica kettledrums engraved with the Third Hussars' battle honors.

A goat was a member of the Royal Welsh during the Crimean war in 1855. He was actually enlisted to keep Private Gwilym Jenkins warm at night. What ended up happening was the goat alerted Private Jenkins when he heard the Russians advancing on their position, thus saving the regiment by allowing them to drive back their enemy.

A lot of the regimental mascots had successors of the same breed and were given the same name.

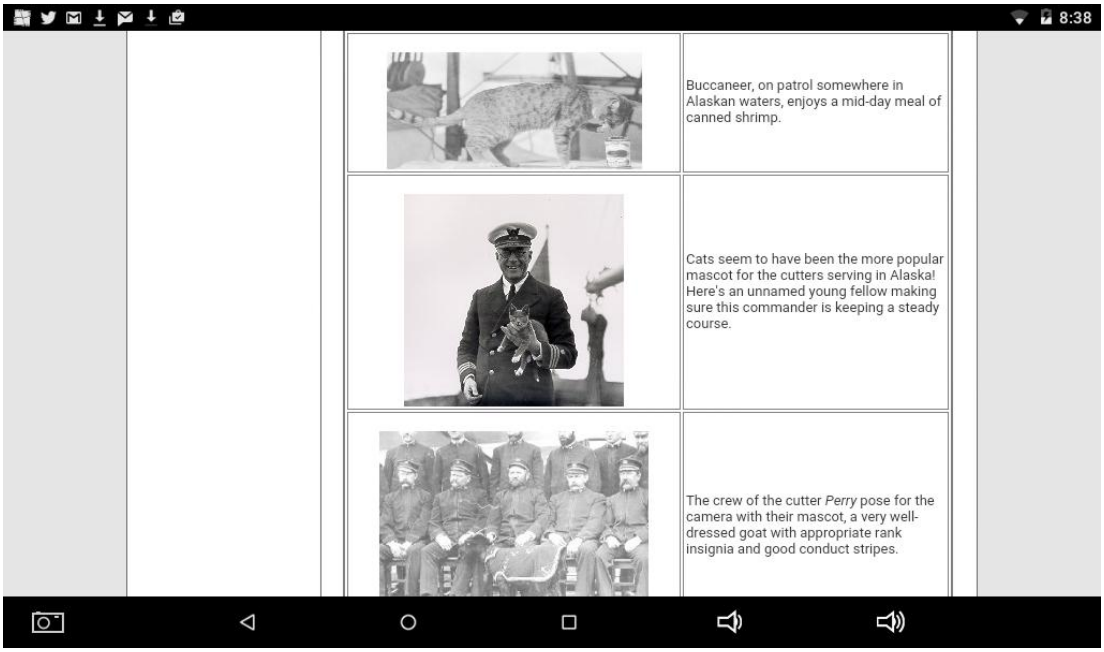
A mascot's breed was familiar to the surroundings of the company. Monkeys, goats, rabbits, geese, and several exotic animals were privy to being adopted. One serviceman said that dogs were the best because cats had a tendency to run off. He believed dogs developed more of a friendship than other mascots. There are others who swore by the loyalty of their cats. The common link for all mascots was that they boosted morale and inspired the crew through the most heinous of times.

Once a mascot was adopted, special moves were made to accommodate it. Many were issued identification papers, Mae West life jackets and hammocks. Some were even assigned specific duties.

As with fellow service-mates, mascots were not immune to danger and disease and many survived some close calls. Others were not so lucky.

It's a part of warfare veterans don't mind talking about. Mascots carved a special place in their hearts and memories and while the stories are many, most are not recorded.

Manning Wright, who served aboard Her Majesty's Canadian Ship (HMCS) Lanark, puts it into perspective, "These wartime shipmates certainly deserve a great shot at posterity.



The U.S. Coast Guard has a section on its website dedicated to its military mascots.

Chapter One

World War I

Vindex ships cat, WWI IWM Q 73724. Wikipedia Commons. Public Domain.

Also known as The Great War, World War I's bloody trench warfare listed enormous casualties and was described as hell on earth. From suicidal charges against machine guns to nearly drowning in mud-sucking trenches, the enlisted met with conditions of barbed wire, mud, fire, mustard gas, and death.

Canada entered the war alongside Britain when it was declared after the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Austria's heir to the throne. Not until the British passenger ship, Lusitania, was sunk by a German submarine off Ireland's coast in 1915, did the United States make the move to enter the contest.

The Battle of Passchendaele, July to November 1917.
Q6005 Wikipedia Commons. Public Domain.

The Allied Forces were made up of Britain, France, Italy, and Russia and their conflict was against the forces of Germany, Ottoman Empire and Austria-Hungary, who were known as the Central Powers.

Germany was destined to full retreat when the United States joined the Allied Forces in 1917. The 1919 Treaty of Versailles forced them to surrender generous fines and concessions at the war's conclusion.

The death toll for Canadians was estimated at just under 61,000 and 117,000 for Americans. The war ended on November 11, 1918, which became known as Armistice Day or Veterans Day to future generations. Each year, veterans gather together in local municipalities and celebrate in honor of those who died. This tradition has set out to acknowledge, not only World War I veterans but all veterans of war.

The red poppy is symbolic to the memory of the dead. To wear it on November 11 shows a respect for those killed. Canadian serviceman, John McCrae's poem reflects the significance of the red poppy. This poem is in the public domain.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

It is estimated that British and its allies used around 20,000 dogs for various roles along the Western Front. They carried messages and supplies, and were assigned guard duty and reconnaissance missions. A lot of these dogs came from shelters. Some were family pets.

Goat mascot of Royal Scots, Amiens-Albert Road,
November 1916. Lieutenant John Warwick Brooke:
Photographer, Imperial War Museums Collection Q4491,
Public Domain

Meanwhile, the Germans trained dogs to find their wounded and to offer comfort to dying soldiers. They carried saddlebags full of medical supplies and cigarettes. Both dogs and horses carried extra ammunition.

Dogs, with their superior senses, were enlisted to help the living and the wounded. They could tell the difference between an ally and an enemy.

Pigeons were used to send messages that saved many lives. It is estimated that at least eight million horses died carrying their mounts into battle. A Camel Brigade was used in to spook enemy horses from their smell. Elephants were used for heavy lifting when horses were sent to the Front. Cats were used to boost morale. Tortoises, dolphins, monkeys, and baboons – anything that could be given a job or help boost morale was added to a unit.

White goat mascot of Second Battalion, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Taken at 33rd Division horse show at Cavillon, July 18, 1917.
Photographer: John Warwick Brooke.
Imperial War Museums Collection Q5690

MASCOTS

Lt. Col. William Thaw with lion cub mascots of Lafayette Escadrille c. 1916. Wikipedia Commons

Letter from Jack Boddington

Sergeant Bill, a Saskatchewan-born goat, was offered to the Calgary Fifth Battalion for good luck. His owner, Mr. Curwin and his daughter sacrificed losing Bill to the war effort on the eve of battle.

From the backyard to Belgium and France, Bill was a socializer. He had an eye for pretty women and drank the odd brew with the boys but that wasn't all. His intolerance to teasing set him into trouble when he was reprimanded for biting his superior officer. Another time, his troops expected Bill would turn up as goat curry in an India battalion when he went absent without leave. In due course, he showed up unharmed.

Besides his antics, Bill faced many challenges in battle that included trench foot and being gassed. He received sergeant stripes for his service and they remain on display with his stuffed body in the Broadview Historical Museum in Broadview, Saskatchewan.

Pilots of No 54 Squadron, RAF. Wikipedia Commons. Public Domain.

Letter from Ian F. Wilson

When Lieutenant Harry Colebourn of the Fort Garry Horse and the Canadian Army Veterinary Corps from Winnipeg travelled to Valcartier, Quebec prior to being stationed overseas in 1914, little did he know that a $20 purchase would become one of the biggest stories in international literature.

Colebourn's train stopped in a small town of White River, Ontario, where a little black bear cub caught his eye. A hunter had killed the cub's mother, which made the bear available to lieutenant. The two formed an instant bond and Colebourn took his purchase with him to the base at Valcartier.

The bear was named Winnie, after the city of Winnipeg. He received permission to sail to England and was assigned with Colebourn to the Second Canadian Infantry Brigade on Salisbury Plain. The bear became the brigade's mascot and slept under Colebourn's bed inside his tent.

Winnie's time in the service ended in December 1914 when she wasn't allowed to travel with the brigade to France. With the intention of claiming the bear at the war's end, Colebourn took Winnie to the London Zoo.

While the lieutenant continued to serve in the war, Winnie's tame and friendly manner made her a favorite at the zoo. She swooned the heart of a young boy, Christopher Robin Milne, who named his owned stuffed bear after her. The boy's father, A. A. Milne, was observant of his son's infatuation with the bear and began to write children stories in 1926 that featured a young boy among a number of opinionated animals and their numerous exploits. This was the beginning of "Winnie-the-Pooh."

Colebourn would visit the London Zoo and Winnie during leave from France and after the war, changed his mind about reclaiming the bear for his own when he noticed her popularity.

Winnie died in 1934 and her obituary made the London papers and the "Winnipeg Free Press."

Letter from Kyle W. Bowie, Colonel (Retired)

Back in the early 1960s, I served in the 27th Infantry at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii. I was operations officer and this regiment, as I recall, was in the Philippines at the end of World War I and was sent to Siberia in 1918 to bolster the White Russians against the Bolsheviks. They stayed there for a year or so.

The White Russian General was named Kolchak. Thereafter, the 27th always had a Russian Wolfhound as their mascot. He was called Kolchak and was kept in the Barracks Square. (He) always led the regiment in every parade.

(Kolchak) was well taken care of and had a special handler who looked after him. He was very special to us and quite a sight in those days with sort of a saddle blanket with the regiment badge on it.

Other World War I Mascots

Patricia Stroud wrote a book about a bulldog that served in A Company, 4 Battalion, New Zealand Rifle Brigade during the Battle of the Somme in 1916. Caesar worked for the Red Cross to help rescue wounded soldiers. He was killed in action but is forever memorialized at the Auckland War Memorial Museum, where his collar lies.

Connecticut State Military Department. Public Domain.

Sergeant Stubby strayed into the exercise venue of the U.S. 102nd Infantry and was quickly adopted. He shipped out to Europe on the SS Minnesota, where he would join his unit. He was assigned to sniff for poison gas and warn the trenches. His first battle scar came from a German shell fragment in his left foreleg at Seicheprey. At the war's end, Stubby became a member of the Red Cross and the American Legion. He met three American presidents as a civilian: Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge.

A cat on HMAS Encounter
Wikipedia Commons. Public Domain

Australian Ninth and 10th battalions in Egypt December 1914
AWM C02588. Wikipedia Commons. Public Domain.

Chapter Two

World War II

Pooli, a cat who served on a United States attack transport celebrating 15th birthday.
Has three service ribbons and four battle stars. Photo published July 1959 in Los Angeles Times.
Public Domain. Wikipedia Commons.

The bittersweet drama of World War II stemmed over the course of six long years. Unhappiness over the terms of the Treaty of Versailles they were forced to sign after World War I caused Germany to welcome the patriotic leadership of Adolph Hitler and his Nazi party.

When the Germans invaded Poland in 1939, it sparked anger amongst the Allies, which then included France, Britain, and Canada. Germany's invasion into Russia in 1941 pushed the Soviet Union into joining the Allied Forces after having entered a treaty that was previously signed by Hitler. The United States were last to join after the Japanese bombed the American Naval Base in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

Blitzkrieg or heavy bombing tactics of Germany's Luftwaffe helped them to add France to its claim and further capture The Netherlands and several other countries.

The war raged with the destruction of cities, hopeless civilians, starvation, exhaustion, and servicemen fought with courage, valor, fear, pain, and fatigue. Treacheries included snipers nests, pillboxes, and unseen deadly German U-boats that plagued sea lanes for Allied merchant supply and escort ships.

The Allied Forces combined to fight Germany, Italy, and Japan. D-Day took place on June 6, 1944, when the Allied Forces reached the beaches of Normandy in German-occupied France. Soon after France was liberated, the Germans surrendered on what became V-E Day, on May 8, 1945. That marked the end of the war in Europe.

The war against Japan ended with the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It was on September 2, 1945 (V-J Day) and World War II was officially brought to an end.

Barbara, a polar bear at the Royal Navy's zoo at Whale Island was rescued as a cub from drifting ice off Greenland. She was the ship's mascot until she grew too big for the mess decks.
Imperial War Museums Collection HU 45273.
Press Agency photography. Public Domain.

It was only until the war's end, when the Allied troops liberated German prison camps, did the atrocities of the Nazi regime come to light. The Holocaust would darken world history forever. Nazi concentration camps were formed exclusively for Adolph Hitler's Final Solution: the systematic genocide of Jews. Hitler's plan succeeded in terminating six million people. The Nuremberg trials of those responsible for the Holocaust were a key step towards rebuilding.

The United States provided economic help to refurbish Europe in what was known as the Marshall Plan, and the United Nations was formed. It would include nearly all the world's countries and its purpose was to promote diplomacy and peace in lieu of future war.

For Americans, the losses in World War II were higher than World War I. American casualties numbered 407,000 and Canadians registered between 42,000 to 52,000 as dead.

THE WHITE ENSIGN

Do not your heart lift up with pride.
With the raising of the flag.
Tho many are the men who have died.
Giving their lives for that battle-scarred rag.

A rag to some; Yes I think.

Taken from Russ Dembiski's workbook in training and in reference to the
Royal Canadian Navy flag. Training handbook was B. R. 77 Machinery Handbook, 1941.

Two members of No. 31 (Beaufighter) Squadron RAAF holding the squadron's mascots:
a joey (young kangaroo) and a dog at Coomalie Creet, NT, January 1943.
Left is Flight Lieutenant G. A. Greenwood. Right is Sergeant B. Agnew. Public Domain.

MASCOTS

Letter from Wayne H. Arnold

Wallace, the regimental mascot for the First Battalion Canadian Scottish Regiment was loaned to Captain J. A. MacKay by his original owner, Mr. A. D. Clelland. The pup was just over a year old and smuggled aboard the Stratheden.

He couldn't draw rations until issued a serial number and was given a British Columbia number: K52. Arnold remembers when the unit was stationed in Portsmouth. Each night there was an NCO (non-commissioned officer) parade. Wallace would take his place by Piper "Wee Andy" McGeorge's side. When finished piping, "Wee Andy" would give his pipes to Wallace, who would take them back to the barracks.

In 1944, Wallace was left in England under the care of the Royal Scots while the Scottish Regiment returned to Canada. The dog was later returned to the regiment and Royal Scots' colonel-in-chief, offered the First Battalion an oil painting of Wallace for the honor of being his guardian. The painting is displayed in the Officer's Mess in Victoria.

Letter from F.J. Berry, Royal Canadian Naval Reserve, A-1279 (1933-1944)

I'm reminded of a mascot we had aboard the old HMCS Champlain in 1936 in Halifax for two weeks training. He was a spotted Dane called, Suby. *(Editor's Note: While Berry commented so very briefly on Suby, he described the life of his ship, HMCS Moose Jaw. His commentary gives some insight to life at sea.)*

HMCS Moose Jaw was built at Collingwood, Ontario, commissioned at Montreal, June 19, 1941 and arrived at Halifax June 27, 1941 for final fitting. After working up, she arrived at St. John's August 25 to join Newfoundland Command, and on September 5, sailed with HMCS Chambly for exercises.

The two were ordered to reinforce the beleaguered convoy (SC 42) which lost 18 ships. Just before joining them on September 10, they (convoy) had surprised and sank U.501 (German U-boat) astern of the convoy. HMCS Moose Jaw, which had rammed the U-boat, required 10 days repair at Greenock.

Following repairs, HMCS Moose Jaw arrived at Tobermory on October 1 to work up. For the next four months, she operated between St. John's and Iceland. In January 1942, she arrived at Londonderry from convoy SC 64. Her passage from the United Kingdom was with convoy SC 67, which lost 15 ships to U-boats.

During the next five months, HMCS Moose Jaw was employed escorting United Kingdom-Mediterranean convoys and returned to Halifax April 20, 1943 for re-fitting. There she joined the Quebec force at the end of May, for escorting duties in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and later transferred to the Gaspe force.

She underwent a major re-fit, including a forecastle extension, at Liverpool, Nova Scotia from

December 1943 to March 1944 after working up in St. Margaret's Bay. She left Halifax again for the United Kingdom on May 1, 1945.

She joined (EG-41) Plymouth and escorted coastal convoys from her base at Millford Haven until the end of the war. She left for home in May 1945 and was paid off at Sorel on July 8. HMCS Moose Jaw was broken up in Hamilton, Ontario.

Judy, mascot of No. 93 "Green Ghost (Beaufighter) Squadron, RAAF autographs a rocket under the approving eye of her owner, 51549 Corporal (Cpl) John Donald Hill. Hill died of illness while serving with No. 1 Squadron, RAAF on Borneo on October 20, 1945.
Public Domain

Letter from F.M. Bickerton

This regiment (Eighth Canadian Hussars Princess Louise's) brought to Canada a beautiful horse found wounded near Coriano in September 1944. She travelled with the troops, attended parades, and met many dignitaries in the course of her long career.

Mid-September 1944, in an east coast Italian town, soldiers from Eighth Princess Louise's New Brunswick Hussars were en route to repair a tank and spotted a wounded and distressed colt, whose mother, a casualty of shell fire, lay nearby. The colt was adopted as the regimental mascot and her wounds were treated by medical officer, Captain Tom Dalrymple. The regiment gathered rations for the patient, which consisted of powdered milk, oatmeal, and of course, rum.

Princess Louise, as she was called, enlisted Trooper E.A. Jackson as her personal groom. Because she had to travel undetected, a truck was modified with a special compartment to hide her whereabouts. Trooper Jackson would ride with her and between holding her tongue to keep her silent. Princess Louise arrived at each destination unnoticed.

She had to part company with the regiment in 1945 as they were unable to find her passage back to Canada. She remained in Holland with the British Royal Army Veterinary Corps until passage could be found.

After endless search, the Hussars succeeded in bringing their mascot to Canada. She arrived in New York in March 1946, then travelled by train with Trooper Jackson to Saint John.

The village of Hampton, where she remained, declared her a free woman and a citizen of Canada. She also became a member of the Royal Canadian Legion.

In 1954, Princess Louise II was born. Two or more foals later, a television documentary, and hundreds of marches in parades, Princess Louise was honored and her remains were placed beside the village war memorial.

Letter from W.T.C. Brooks, Colonel U.S. Army (Retired)

As a member of the 101 AB (501st Parachute Company, W II Regiment), we had two mascots. One was a bald eagle called Honest Abe, and the other a German Shepherd called Transfer, who actually made parachute jumps with a special harness.

Letter from Mr. Conway

Mr. Conway spent five years in the Canadian navy and felt very lucky that all the ships he sailed on had a pretty good crew. They used to pick up strays and keep them aboard. His shipmates made a hammock for a purebred cocker spaniel that had the papers to prove it.

He said that dogs made the best mascots because cats had a tendency to take off when the ship was tied up in port. Dogs developed more of a friendship.

Letter from Edwin G. Coombe

As the story goes, Nipper enlisted with the First Medium Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery in England, Sicily, Italy, Belgium, and Holland for four years. Truly a remarkable record. The following article forms part of the history of First Medium Regiment, compiled by Lieutenants R.Y. Walmsley and B.J.P. Whalley, published in Amsterdam in 1945.

The formation, which later became First Medium Regiment, began with mobilization, two days before Britain declared war on Germany in 1939. The name really dates from February 10, 1940, following reorganization after its arrival overseas.

After years of training in England, the unit embarked for the Mediterranean theater on October 24, 1943 and went into action December 1, 1943 at Venafro, north of Naples. It fought its way throughout Italy, moved to northwest Europe in March 1945, and joined in the fighting to clear Holland by VE-Day. I felt privileged to have served as a Signal Officer with First Medium from June 1943 to March 1945.

NIPPER
By Lieutenants R.Y. Walmsley and B.J.P. Whalley

Known to every man in the First Medium, Nipper was the regimental mascot. Not too handsome and certainly not too intelligent, mostly mongrel and all bitch. She can best be described as "just a brown dawg."

Her affairs were many and her offspring run the streets of ten towns in five countries. A soldier's dog.

In Horsley, way back in 1941, Nipper first met the First Medium. Adopted by C Troop, she lived in billets and went on schemes with the unit. As the guns rolled by on maneuvers, one could always spot Nipper usually sitting in the back of a diesel with her head stuck out in the breeze. Sometimes she would patronize a sergeant, in all fairness, but she usually took over the cab for the company of the gunners in the rear of the Matador.

Never missing a move, never a scheme, and never going on leave, she stayed with Charlie Troop throughout the phase in England. Came the day to leave the country and all pets were assigned houses with the English people. The commanding officers, the adjutants said all dogs were to be left behind. Charlie Troop then said that their pet would not be happy in a civilian home. She was an army dog, raised and trained in uniform, Nipper concurred.

But orders were orders and no dogs could leave the country. Nipper disappeared before the unit entrained but on Gourock Station, she appeared to be seen running about the legs of the senior officers, who seemingly did not notice her.

Away again, until the E.B. Alexander was three days out into the Atlantic, making an inspection of the quarters, the O.C. Troops found Nipper on the men's sleeping deck. He ordered the man who brought her aboard to be produced. Enquiries by the officers found that none of the troops or all of the troops had done it.

The battery commander of the Third ordered the senior officer or non-commissioned officer, who had known Nipper to be aboard, to take the blame, whereupon all the officers and non-commissioned officers, up to and including the GPO (gun position officer?) admitted to the knowledge.

The commanding officer decided to take matters into his own hands and obtained permission to try the case himself and ordered the man to be produced. They brought General Duprez, who admitted bringing Nipper aboard in a kit bag. The trial that followed lasted 90 seconds. The prisoner was awarded 28 days pay as punishment and personal congratulations on the successful concealment thus far.

Permission was granted for Nipper to be carried but if port authorities denied her entry, she would have to be destroyed. This proved to be the case and the regiment, on leaving the ship, marched off without her. Fortunately a rear party had been left to unload baggage and somehow she turned up the next morning on parade to greet the commanding officer in Sicily. (General Duprez's paybook never saw the deduction of pay).

Through all the action in Italy, Nipper stayed up front with C Troop, disliking the shelling but not backing down. Fraternizing with Italian dogs, her productivity was amazing, providing many mascots for other units.

Once more in a kit-bag, she made the trip to France without discovery and accompanied the regiment through France, Belgium and Holland. Ever a he-dog's she-dog, she made a multitude of friends along the route.

Now with the unit breaking up, Nipper had been spirited to England and was waiting for repatriation to Canada with the other high-pointers.

You are an old-timer, Nipper. May you settle down in Canada, sans service stripes, sans campaign ribbons, sans gratuity but with a feeling of pride in being a Canadian veteran. May we see you there and shout again, "C'mere Nipper!"

Letter from Jack Davis

I served with the first battalion of the Royal Regiment of Canada. Our regimental mascot was a huge St. Bernard and it travelled with us to Iceland in 1940, then to the United Kingdom.

It always headed our regimental parades and was the centre of attention when our regiment was inspected by King George in 1941.

The dog didn't like the sea voyage to Iceland and had to be slung aboard the ship when we left for the United Kingdom. Upon arriving at Scotland, the dog paced the decks of the troop ship with his eyes constantly towards shore. As there were no trees in Iceland, I can only surmise the mascot, Lance Corporal Royal, couldn't wait to get to the tree line.

Letter from Geoffrey W. Day

British Naval Base, Simonstown, Retreat Camp and Capetown, South Africa: Our regiment spent some time at Retreat in 1943. We were able to go from Retreat to Capetown (11 miles) by train. The sailors from Simonstown did likewise. They spent their time in town, going back by rail and some, at the last moment.

There was a mascot, a huge Great Dane, would not even look at anyone but navy. He was on the strength of the Royal Navy as Able Bodied Seaman. A.B. Seaman "Nuisance" would sit on a seat on the train. That was allowed and he knew it.

He would sit at the station and wait for the sailors meeting their train. He knew, somehow, the platform the last train left from. He would howl from time to time, guiding those who were “tipsy” to the correct platform and train.

There was a wedding for Nuisance and a female Great Dane, veil and all. The pups were sold for charity and a photo of the happy couple was on the wall at the Union Jack Club in Capetown.

Letter from Bob Dick

We had three mascots at one time aboard the HMCS Pictou. The first was a black and white wired-haired we named Whiskey. The second to come aboard was a small grey monkey named Ginny. Both belonged to the communications mess. The third mascot belonged to the petty officer’s mess and was a small brown dog named Rum. So we had the three liquors: whiskey, gin, and rum.

Ginny

Life for Whiskey was a lazy one. He ate, slept, and moved around when it was calm enough but that was all. Ginny, on the other hand, was a natural for finding her way around the ship. As we slept at sea with our clothes on in the hammocks, one could usually find her in a hammock either up around the neck or down by your ankles. It was much warmer there.

I remember one morning, knowing that duty calls for animals as well as sailors, thinking, she wasn’t about to do it in my hammock. I gave her a lift and told her to move but didn’t follow her whereabouts. I dozed off again, only to be awakened by a flood from above. Such was life.

Being a sparker, Ginny used to visit the wireless cabin. One time the transmitter was being turned up while the front panel was off. She perched on the wireless operator Roy’s shoulders, moved around, and her tail brushed across the large tuning condenser. Much to her surprise, she received a good belt of D. C. current, causing her to lose all the hair on her tail. She went flying out

of the porthole followed by a whiff of smoke. It took her a few days before she would visit again.

We would take Ginny to the pubs in Ireland to meet the locals and have her sip of beer. One day a buffer was about to kill her because she got into his carton of American cigarettes, tearing them and spreading them across the mess. It took him some time to cool down.

Ginny kept a lot cleaner than the rest of us at sea. At least she got a bath up in the heads and washroom. After being soaped up, rinsed and dried, she would be brought down to the mess for warmth. Yes, she could flick the dandruff off your head while you were asleep. Although, she'd eat the same hair and we'd get a little picky about that.

Once in Tobermory, Scotland, we went ashore in the lifeboat and brought her some branches of a tree to make her feel at home. We put them in the hammock locker but it was put to little use. I guess she was domesticated by then.

Ginny was often invited to the captain's cabin when he had guests on board when the ship was in harbor. The problem was, as the captain and his guests got a few drinks in them, they got her a little excited and soon a rush call would be put through to the mess to come up and get her. I don't know who cleaned up after her but it wasn't me.

I can't remember if Whiskey was ever taken for a walk by one of us but she did get a chance to stretch her legs on the jetty when in harbor. Rum was taken care of by the petty officers.

How did we get Ginny? Well, Roy had an uncle who was in the merchant navy and had brought her from Africa to Liverpool. We were there for new depth charges and after a visit to his house, we brought her back to our ship. On a trip some time later, we were rammed by a merchant ship in a fog and lost our stern. We acquired some leave after getting into St. John's and dry dock. Roy and I brought her back to Halifax via HMCS Racoon, then home by rail to Toronto. Roy went on to Vancouver, B.C. and Ginny was donated to the zoo at Stanley Park. On the way home by rail, she scared a few at times when she was found visiting the carriage but the children sure loved her.

Ginny was quite human in many respects. She caused a lot of laughs and grief but she's one I shall remember well as part of our life on board a corvette. I don't know what happened to Whiskey and Rum. I was drafted off to another ship once my leave was up. HMCS Dundas had, what I believe was, a bulldog on board when I was in Lunenberg. I don't know how true this story was but I heard that the bulldog upset a team of oxen pulling a load while on the jetty. The oxen weren't the same after that and the skipper was handed a bill.

There was a well known black and white Newfoundland dog that used to stretch itself out at the foot of the gang plank on the jetty of HMCS Greenwich, a Royal Navy ship, when it was at the south side of St. John's harbor. She was said to have saved some lives at sea.

Un-authored and undated newspaper article from Russ Dembiski

An unknown stowaway aboard HMCS Sault Ste. Marie named, Skippy, was found behind Stoker Russ Dembiski's kit bag. The self-appointed mascot made everything aboard the ship his business.

Able Seaman, Lawrence Read stated, “He’s into everything and on time at every call of the bosun’s pipe. He wakes us up in the morning, jumping from one bunk to another, barking loudly enough to wake the dead. He’s there when hands fall in for morning duties and turns up for divisions, liberty boats and all routine calls.

“Skippy goes up and down the ranks, and when he’s barked everyone back into an even line, he runs over to inform the officer of the day that all is ready and accounted for.”

The mascot for the “Sweet Sue’s” stokers mess was a black kitten. One of the stokers recalled, “The first day Smoker was aboard, he fell off the deck into the water. About half the crew started to go after him to fish him out. He was none the worse for his ducking.”

The “Sue” housed other mascots, including a black and white Collie pup who belonged to the seaman’s mess and there were two other kittens. Sparky was brown and white and took roost in the communications mess while Flakers kept him company.

Russ Dembiski aboard Sault St. Marie

Letter from James N. Devereaux

During the latter stages of the Second World War, the Canadian Ladies Pipe Band en route to Calgary experienced motor coach trouble near our air training station near Claresholm, Alberta. Some of the boys came to the rescue, and after rewarding us with a noon performance, the girls stayed for dinner.

On my way over to the hanger to see the girls perform, I was joined by our mascot, Pilot Officer Prune. I believe that his company was more to bum a cigarette than anything else, as he had a terrible tobacco addiction. Arriving a bit late, Pilot Officer Prune and I had to stand near the back but because the girls formed a “T” in their drill, they were close enough for all to see.

As they edged towards me and Pilot Officer Prune, the girls began to play and were immediately joined by our mascot, who was baying so loud that it drowned out the bagpipes. The girls laughed so hard, they had to stop playing and Pilot Officer Prune and I were given the “bums rush.”

Pilot Officer Prune was a grey burrow given to us as a mascot. He held the rank and uniform of

officer and each year on our anniversary, he was raised in rank. Pampered, spoiled with cigarettes, and drawing officers' pay, he marched at the head of all our parades.

One afternoon, I spotted Pilot Officer Prune napping outside our office, so I called headquarters and reported that one of our personnel was down and out on our lawn. They in turn contacted emergency hospital operations who arrived with an ambulance. They were less than impressed to have Pilot Officer Prune saunter over to bum a cigarette.

Pilot Officer Prune retired to Dick Cosgraves' ranch in Handhills, near Hanna, Alberta, where he was not a favorite with the cowboys who worked the ranch. It seems that, as a donkey, Pilot Officer Prune took it upon himself to romance as many of the local mares as possible in his efforts to increase the mule population in Alberta.

Letter from John Evans

Midge was a black Shetland pony, age unknown. Like the lady she was, she never told anyone. She was our pal at #2 Wireless School in Calgary, Alberta.

Calgary was a wonderland to us coming from power-shortened Toronto. To compare it today, it was like Disneyland. Eighth Avenue was lit by thousands of bulbs and natural gas street lights, so bright, one could take pictures on the main street at night.

While on Sunday passes, there were numerous good eating places to go for a chap making $1.30 a day. Dance pavilions were scattered all over the city and quite easy on the wallet too. The girls were very understanding of our financial status.

Midge was stabled quite close to the parade square, next to the wet canteen (beer hall). Too close for her own good, I'm afraid because she acquired quite a fondness for the sudsy stuff and could put away large quantities.

When a graduating flight of air gunners were having a farewell party in the wet canteen, a gunner would sneak into her stable and parade her around the tables for a little sip. It was against the rules and regulations but became a tradition after a time, as long as her consumption didn't go too far.

To my knowledge, she never missed a commanding officer parade each week and always remained very sober and erect for the march past the flag.

She wore a large air force blanket with the RCAF insignia on each side and the #2 Wireless School printed in yellow letters. Her stable was cleaned daily and she was watered and groomed by chaps that were caught doing some un-airman-like conduct. I think some did so just to keep their head in horsemanship, although no one ever put a saddle on her that I remember.

Midge did cause a problem one day when she went absent without leave for an unknown period. She was located not far down the road from the school. I wasn't stationed there at the time but had heard of it. Perhaps spring fever caused it to happen.

She was much loved by all and several hundred air gunners loved to see her on parade every

week. She helped keep morale high on a station like #2. These airmen, coming from all walks of life and all over the British Empire, were young adventurous men of 18 to 30 but sadly, they didn't last long once on bomber command. Air gunners were the first to be killed off when attacking an aircraft, day or night. If a chap made five or six trips over enemy territory and back, he was lucky. Some gunners only took one operation in. Some never even made it overseas and are buried in the western provinces in little church graveyards.

We all lost friends on one station or another. On my first day on arrival in Calgary in 1943, I was witness to two planes colliding in mid air over the west end of Calgary. It puts a damper on your future for a while.

Being 18 years old, one soon gets it in the back of the mind, then you head downtown to Jimmie's Corner or The Cove on Eighth Avenue for a snack. Calgary made us forget our aches and pains.

Letter from Dean Douglas Fish, U.S. Army (Retired)

During World War II, I was in the 191st Tank Battalion (M) in Africa and Europe. I recall some of the mascots in Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia: a pair of crows or ravens, an elderly ferret that frightened folks by creeping into their bedrolls at night to keep warm, several dogs, and a monkey (a Capuchin, I believe).

When the outfit "jumped off" from Bizerte to make the invasion of Italy, most of the mascots came along. They had to be smuggled aboard the Landing Craft Tank and Landing Ship, Tank. The medics figured the monkey needed shots for tetanus, typhoid, etc. In toning down the dosage to his size and weight, no one really knew what would happen to the animal, and it's a small wonder they didn't kill him. That must have been one tough monkey because he survived!

Later on Anzio Beach, his owners (the monkey's) tank crew got into a helluva battle. The monkey became very excited and jumped about "soiling" the tanks interior. Somebody threw him out of the turret and he took for the woods, never to be seen again.

A company commander, Captain May, brought a big dog named Browndog over from North Africa. In a tank battle, Captain May's tank was hit and he was wounded. Since the platoon was overwhelmed, he urged his men to escape as he lay on the ground, firing his .45 automatic at the enemy. He ran out of ammunition and Browndog lit into the Germans with extraordinary bravery.

Captain May was captured but I saw him in Washington, D. C. after the war. He said he never saw Browndog after that but missed him terribly.

Other pets, or mascots, usually on a temporary basis, were kittens, rabbits, at least one parrot, and in Germany, a hedgehog. The First Sergeant had a wooly dog that would, when hungry, go to a box or crate of assorted combat rations, pick out the can he wanted and walk with it up to the nearest soldier, where he would stand, looking expectantly until the can was opened. Some speculated the dog knew how to read.

Letter from Joseph Forbes

When I was in the army at Schofield Barracks, there was a battalion called the Wolfhounds. First Battalion, 19th Infantry, the unit crest had the silhouette head of an Irish Wolfhound. However, the unit kept a pet, or mascot, a live dog, a Borzoi Wolfhound, different from the Wolfhound on the unit's crest.

Mike of HMCS Cornwallis - D. Adsit Collection

Letter from Mary M. Ford

There was a dog on board HMCS Nabob, the first Canadian-manned aircraft carrier. The dog's name was Wren Glen.

My brother, David, who served on the Nabob, died on August 22, 1944 along with 20 other naval ratings when the ship was struck by a torpedo.

Letter from Jack Fraser

Skipper, the dog mascot for the Bangor Class corvette HMCS Transcona, was born aboard another ship. He developed a strong dislike for alcohol from one night, when the crew sat around

drinking rum. The men gave Skipper a couple of sips which made him feel sick. After that, if anyone smelled of liquor, he wouldn't come near them. He'd even try to bite them if they tried to pet him.

While on leave one time, the sailors headed for shore in the liberty boat, where they would receive inspection. The duffel bag hiding Skipper had moved a bit and a sailor from another ship tried to steal him. The sailor was caught and Skipper remained with the Transcona.

Letter from Ronald W. Gardner

I wish I could send you that God-damned rat that rode with us for four years along with one thousand coach roach. We used to pick up bread in the Azores (sometimes some other things, too) and four days out, those damn roaches would be right through the works. One never did make no pet of them.

Dang, if I can remember that dog's name from the old sweeper, HMCS Kenora. It was on the ship for a good three years. Actually, I don't remember if the dog was a boy or a girl but it sure used to get in some embarrassing positioning with its other seamates when a wren wanted to cross the quarter deck with a captain's message. Ah, beautiful shore leave! I enjoyed it myself!

Letter from C.R. Gordon

This is an experience I had during the close of war in 1945. We were on the HMCS Lock Alvie in the English Channel, just off the coast of France, when a submarine sank a merchant ship just off our port side. I believe it was a mid-eastern ship. The sub was sunk and when we resumed position, we saw a cat swimming in the water. It had to have survived from the merchant ship.

We were not allowed to stop but managed to slow down to scoop it up with a net. We made that cat our mascot and had a small hammock made for it. I'm not sure what sex it was but it certainly had a good life aboard our ship. It took to the crew as if it owned them.

We disbanded May 24, 1945 and turned the cat over to the local SPCA. I certainly hope that cat got a good home.

Letter from Jack Greenway, Command Sergeant Major U.S. Army (Retired)

I have fond memories of two young Filipino boys we adopted as mascots during the Leyte campaign in the Philippines. We picked up the two youngsters near the airfield in late October and they stayed with us until we left Leyte late in December. They shared everything with us, including KP (kitchen police), perimeter guard shifts, and everything in between.

They continually roamed the area digging up potatoes, knocking down coconuts, and stealing whatever they could from other mess tents to help supplement our rations.

Like most Filipino boys of that age group (six to 10), they wore only a shirt. Being an artillery unit, it was easy to give them nicknames based on their physical characteristics. One we called

Longtom, and the other howitzer. If you are at all familiar with military language, you can easily visualize the physical characteristics we referred to.

They were great kids and I have often wondered what ever happened to them.

Letter from Hugh Halkett

Hugh spoke of a Lieutenant Commander, Tommy Golby, who brought his own dog aboard the HMCS Weyburn. The ship was sunk on February 22, 1943 by a U-boat-laid mine off Gibralter during an escort to United Kingdom-Mediterranean convoys. The ship was lost.

The lieutenant commander's dog survived and the air force tracked down his wife in Victoria, B.C., where they delivered the dog.

According to Hugh, the port authorities wouldn't allow pets in general aboard any ship.

Letter from Maurice Hampson

Three mascots devised his ship's crests on HMCS Trois Rivieres. In the summer of 1943, the ship was docked at Red Bay, a 10-house town. There were several dogs in the area and they smuggled three Husky pups on board and hid them down where the magazines were kept. The dogs had the run of the ship but one fell overboard at the mouth of Dalhousie, New Brunswick.

The people of Red Bay were invited on board to watch movie pictures every night. It was something they hadn't seen before.

Letter from Stan G. Hawkes

I served on the Canadian destroyer, HMCS Kootenay. We were returning to Canada after serving with the invasion forces when the events concerning our dog happened.

Derry was a wire-haired terrier with a black "V" marking on his head. He was named after the docks of Londonderry, where he used to play before he was recruited by Chief Petty Officer Charles Emsley.

During a tour of the mid-Atlantic, the Kootenay rolled heavily with the rough sea and Derry, who liked to play with Emsley on the upper deck, fell into the ocean. The crew stood watching helplessly, seeing the dog struggle with his "V" marking in plain view.

The captain turned the ship back to rescue the dog with a net rather than sail with the whole crew in mourning. After a brief trip to the ship's sick bay, Derry was as good as new.

Letter from F. Richard Hayse, Major, Special Forces

The companies in the 1/507th at Fort Benning have dogs for mascots, some of which were

“jumped” from an airplane with their company commanders. These mascots have been found to be an important part of a young soldier’s being made to feel less alienated when assigned to the companies within the battalion.

I know for sure that one of the companies had a large billy goat as a mascot when the unit was undergoing its initial training at Fort Benning. They also had a dog that made the requisite five parachute jumps while completing their combat training at Alliance, Nebraska, before departing for the European theater of operations.

Letter from John “Mike” Hunziker, VMB 612 Marine Rocket Squadron

The year was 1944 at Saipan. I was a field telephone man, laying telephone wire to a new command post with my good buddy, “Herky” Malak, who unexpectedly found a baby goat. We brought it back to our quarters, nourished her with canned milk and water, and named her Nancy, the “Bam.” As she got older, she followed us all over the island, even into our foxhole.

When Herky and I were sent to Iwo Jima, about four or five weeks later, Nancy shows up by air! She was so happy to see us that she licked our faces but we were left wondering who shipped her. From Iwo Jima, we went to Okinawa by Landing Ship, Tank and we were accompanied by Nancy who had good sea legs and never got sick.

It was 1945 and the war was over and we were getting ready to come home when we were faced with what to do about Nancy. There was no way we could smuggle her on the ship. We ended up giving her to an Okinawa farmer who was real happy to receive her.

Nancy Bam the goat, 1944, John Mike Hunziker Collection

Letter from Charlie H. Jean, Ex Chief Petty Officer

A part Beagle named Capt'n was the mascot of HMCS St. Stephen, a frigate that saw service in the North Atlantic until 1945. She was re-commissioned again in 1949 as a weather ship with a Royal Canadian Navy crew for duty on Station Baker at the south tip of Greenland.

Cap'tn, HMCS St. Stephen, Charlie Jean Collection

Capt'n wore the four gold braids of a captain. He earned his medals as an honorary captain, the 1939-45 star, the Atlantic star, the Volunteer medal, and the Victory medal. As far as I know, Capt'n was retired with a crew member when the ship was paid off in 1951.

Interview with John Keller

The Canadian Scottish Regiment (Vancouver) kept a mascot, Wallace, who led the pipe band. The regiment, consistent in their keeping a St. Bernard as their mascot, also named all of them, Wallace.

Wallace #1, 1939 - 1950: The namesake of Pipe Major Wallace met up with the First Battalion in 1939. Rather than leave him behind when the call came for overseas duty, the battalion chloroformed Wallace to smuggle him aboard the Stratheden.

Authorities caught wind of Wallace's presence and a search uncovered 11 dogs but not Wallace.

He was caught leaving the ship upon its arrival in Scotland and was sentenced to six months quarantine.

The Royal Scots took Wallace under their wing after D-Day. In 1945, he returned to First Battalion.

Upon his arrival home in January 1946, Wallace stayed at Government House. However, he kept running away, then “Wee Andy” McGeorge earned his trust and Wallace stayed with him until his death in November 1950. Wallace was cremated and the Officers Mess houses his ashes, which are kept in an urn.

Letter from Howard L. Kokesh

The Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment chose an Indian figure, Little Chief, as their mascot. The idea came from George Ponsford, who admired the one on top of A. C. Miller and Co canning factory.

Ponsford and his accomplices took great pains to free Little Chief from the factory roof top. The task was not easy as the structure weighed in at 500 pounds.

Little Chief took his post at the sergeant’s mess, armed with his spear and a bottle of whiskey. The factory manager was convinced that the Chief would have a more noble career by going to battle with the regiment than remaining on top of his cannery.

On the voyage from Picton, Ontario to Aldershot, England, Little Chief was immune to sea sickness but not salt water. Several adjustments and coats of paint prepared him for an introduction to sister regiments of the First Brigade.

During the course of battle against the Germans in France, Little Chief was lost for good. The Regiment commissioned the erection of a new mascot: Chief Petawawa-Much. The new mascot saw duty overseas.

Another mascot was kidnapped from a Belleville tourist camp, Princess Petawawa and deemed bride for Chief Petawawa-Much. The regiment replaced her with a hand-carved version of the original, to keep the owner happy but the newly carved princess was much more attractive. The regiment returned the original and kept the replacement.

Letter from James B. Lamb

Percy, our groundhog in Trail, and a little dog we had in Minas, were two of the mascots we had. The most exotic mascot I ever saw was, Alf, a huge praying mantis that lived in the wardroom of a Hunt-class destroyer back from the Mediterranean.

Birds, dogs and cats were most common. Cats were easy shipmates but dogs had to be carefully trained to use one place on the weather deck.

HMS Westminster ship's pet was Jenny the monkey. The ship was an escort vessel for a convoy from Sheermess to Rosyth. Jenny lived in the wardroom and was looked after by the steward. Lt. R. H. Darwall, Royal Navy official photographer. Imperial War Museum A 1042.

Letter from Bill Lloyd

Major was the mascot for the 119 Bomber/Reconnaissance Squadron at RCAF in Station Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. He proudly paraded, wearing his colors: a blanket with the Squadron crest on it.

This St. Bernard was out in front in all parades. He also roamed free and was everyone's friend.

Letter from S.J. McIntosh

This Defense Force (Johannesburg, South Africa) has had numerous animals as mascots over the years. During World War I, the forces in France had, amongst others, a springbuck and a baboon, both of which were wounded by German fire.

In World War II, 2 Cheetah Squadron, which served in Korea, had a tame cheetah for many years. In recent times, amongst the adopted animals was a Rooikat (Civet), which accompanied its battalion on parade.

Shetlands, goats and others have been taken on strength. In Rodesia, one unit had a tame

warthog that trotted about the camp area. There was much written about a Great Dane that adopted the Royal Navy in Cape Town, and recently, a television series was produced about this dog.

Letter from Ron McIntyre

Our ship, HMCS Prince Henry, had been an armed merchant cruiser that was converted to a Landing Ship Infantry (Medium). We had a crew of about 350 and carried six Landing Craft Assaults and two Landing Craft Motorized.

I don't know when he came aboard but we had a cocker spaniel mascot named Mike. It might have been at Esquimalt. Our ship left there in December 1943, sailed through the Panama Canal to Bermuda and then up to Greenock, Scotland.

We were sent down south and anchored off the Isle of Wight to take part in the D-Day landings, carrying Canadian Scottish troops from the west coast of Canada. Everyone had a life jacket, including Mike, who was issued a Mae West life jacket.

Mike took part in D-Day before we went to the Mediterranean. He was on the ship when the south of France was taken.

We returned to London, England as the war ended with Germany then were sent up to HMCS Niobe and back to Canada. I don't know what happened to Mike.

Letter from Jim McNaughton, United States Army Museum, Presidio of Monterey

Hubert E. Brown, stationed at Monterey, California in Troop B of the 11th Cavalry and the 11th Band, knew of a Great Dane called Duke, who was owned by Second Lieutenant R.G. Ferguson. Duke's last army master, Howard W. Palm, sent Brown the story of the mascot of the 11th Cavalry, "F" Troop.

When Duke was brought to the regiment, the dog wasn't well received due to the men having to share their rations. The troop reluctantly accepted the canine mascot because of their respect for the owner.

Sergeant Dubose cared for Duke when the 11th Cavalry set up at Southern California but he was forced to give up the dog in order to keep harmony with his wife. Palm then inherited Duke, who accompanied him on a short discharge, the re-enlistment at the March Field Air Force base.

Duke clashed with the first sergeant at report call by jumping up on him. The sergeant, who was hit in the shoulder, least expected this assault and was quite shaken up.

Palm was ordered to deport Duke after an altercation with the colonel's dog, Fifi. He was holed up in the company's dog pound until Palm's brother finally agreed to take him to his apartment in Los Angeles but Duke missed the army too much to get along. He bit the landlady and ended up on a small California ranch and was never seen again.

Presidio of Monterey housed many mascots, including Eightball (otherwise known as Inkie), an Airedale with the 76th Field Artillery's D Battery. It's been said that Eightball had a $5 charge account each month just for ice cream cones. The account was set up so that any of his service-mates could sign for him.

His adversary was Battery E's Bozo. The dogs would engage in daily duels which eventually worked into a passing growl over the years.

Eightball's duties included reveille, where he would take his post by the guns, then bark after they went off. He also accompanied the battery truck on post assignments. The only time the Airedale would shy away from his duties was when he was scheduled to be clipped.

From 1931 to 1943, Collie mascot, Sergeant Tippy, served with the 11th Cavalry. The beloved mascot's time came to an abrupt end in 1943 when he was crushed by a tank. A full funeral followed.

Sergeant Beans was another fondly recalled mascot. He had a road named after him and a plaque on display at Combs Barracks.

Letter from Ken Medford

Corky was a mascot on the corvette HMCS Sachville in 1942. I don't recall when he first came aboard but I'm sure he was part of the crew for many months and most likely joined the ship in St. John's, Newfoundland.

When the ship went for re-fit in February 1943, one of the ship's company took him to a farm somewhere in Saskatchewan. We thought this was a good idea, as quite often, pets get lost overboard.

Letter from Herb Millar

Onboard the HMCS Prince Henry, we had a Springer spaniel and the crew really enjoyed him. One time he became very ill and we thought we might have to bury him at sea but Able Bodied Seaman, Ed Payne, nursed him back to health.

Another time a rating (three sheets to the wind) returned aboard ship with a Pekinese. No one appreciated it and it ended up in the captain's quarters. It was yappy and snapped at anyone who went by.

We also had a few cats from different ports of call. The toughest one was a little one from the Isle of Corsica. We called it Nap. One of the cats even had kittens which was a big event.

Able Bodied Percy Bowers and mascot Kid, Herbert Millar Collection

While serving on the Strathnaver, we were picking up troops in South Africa to transport up the Suez. One regiment brought aboard their mascot, a monkey. It would really go wild when it saw a sailor with a beard! The only way to calm it down was to let on you were grooming it by clicking your nails. It was a real actor. We had lots of laughs. At night, while sailing up the Red Sea, we used to sleep up on deck. Before turning in, some of the boys who had guitars and harmonicas used to sing a few cowboy songs. The monkey would enjoy the lullabies and doze off.

The animals were a great pleasure to us but they suffered when the depth charges and guns went off. Sometimes they would run around in circles.

Letter from Mrs. Jean Morley

The Dragoons of the 18th Royal Canadian Armoured Car Regiment enlisted Sergeant Caesar as a pup in 1942 in Bramley, England.

Since joining the army, the pup was periodically promoted in rank. He was sometimes demoted in rank as a result of questionable conduct. Caesar was demoted for disappearing in France for a few days. It was assumed he had run off with some French lassies but later he would be promoted again.

Sergeant Caesar was honorably discharged at the war's end and returned to Canada with the unit. He was posted on reserve to Rainy River, Ontario, where he would reside with Mr. and Mrs. S. McKenzie. Sergeant Caesar died March 10, 1957.

Letter from Jim Nesbitt

Rocky was not on a ship but stayed on the naval dockyard base in St. John's, Newfoundland. He received the name Rocky because he was always chewing on a rock. I can't tell you much about him as St. John's was just our base for sailing in and out of to meet the convoys.

The only mascot we had on HMCS Atholl was a little pup that we got off a supply barge or landing craft that floated out to the Atlantic from the invasion. The seamen on the upper deck made him a hammock.

Letter from J. Rhodes

I served in the Royal Navy pre-war, throughout World War II, and post-war. There was a mongrel dog on our tribal destroyer, Her Majesty's Ship (HMS) Cossack named Pluto. This dog had a leather collar with a silver in-laid strip attached to it bearing the inscription: Pluto-HMS Cossack -- Altmark 1940 and Second Battle of Narvik, 1940.

A photograph of Pluto and members of B Gun's Crew appeared in the Scottish national newspaper, The Scotsman. The dog also had his portrait taken, post and size.

The next ship I served on was a combined operation assault landing craft carrying vessel, HMS Glengyle. This ship had a black cat mascot called Ernie. He weighed about 28 to 30 pounds.

Letter from John Richardson

Wallace, late of the Canadian Scottish Regiment, was a St. Bernard.

My cousin, Tommy Butters, served with that regiment from the outbreak of World War II until being wounded after D-Day as a platoon commander (lieutenant). I grew up in Victoria and Tommy would often visit my mother's place before the C Scot Regiment left for overseas. Thus we knew much of the regiment.

Wallace was often featured in our newspapers, the Daily Times and Daily Colonist.

Letter from Florence R. Rygg and Betty R. Bock

This is our father's story but since he is no longer alive to relate it, we will do it for him. Dad and Mother were both in World War II. He was an instructor in hand grenades, high explosives and she was an army nurse.

Our father was always fond of animals. For pets, we had a chicken he couldn't kill, a poisonous snake he brought home from Georgia, a hawk with a broken wing and an owl.

We weren't surprised when one of his letters from the South Pacific told of a bird (cockatoo) Dad had made friends with. The bird's wings were not clipped but it apparently liked the free handouts of food. A throaty vocal sound resembling "watch it" gave the bird its name, Watch-It.

The bird's reputation spread with the story that it could tell the difference between the Japanese flag and the American flag, interpreted as the bird's preference. Visitors came to see if the story was true and the bird performed with reliability. Admiral Halsey, with entourage of reporters, needed proof.

The visitors stood around in a large circle while Watch-It went about eating grain from the ground, until the Japanese flag was brought out. The bird became very distressed, flew into a nearby tree while continuing to scold whilst the Japanese flag was in view. When the American flag substituted for the Japanese flag, the bird calmed down and continued eating. The routine was repeated and timing altered but Watch-It never failed to respond according to expectation.

The story has one detail to add. Watch-It was afraid of snakes and Dad's walking stick looked like a snake to the bird. When the Japanese flag was displayed, Dad held his stick in front of himself so the bird was sure to see it and react. When the American flag was displayed, Dad casually changed the position of the stick to his own backside and out of sight from the bird. No stick, no snake, no unhappy bird!

Letter from Real St. Amour (The Saint)

Vickie is a small, chocolate colored satin-covered rabbit, mascot for the RCAF Alouette Squadron. Her log book is several pages long. Here are some excerpts.

CERTIFICATES OF QUALIFICATION

This is to certify that Vickie has qualified as OPS Overseer with effect from 9-4-44. Signed 425 SQD. Date 9-4-44. Unit THOLTHORPE.

This is to certify that Vickie has qualified as Sight-Seeing Instructor with effect from October 7, 1944. Signed and dated October 7, 1944. Unit STRATFORD.

This is to certify that Vickie completed a tour of 37 sorties over enemy territory. Signed and dated October 17, 1944. Unit ESCADCILLE.

This is to certify that Flight Lieutenant Real St. Amour (The Saint) is the owner. Signed and dated June 11, 1992. Unit HOME.

These include sortie entries taken from Vickie's Log Book.

April 4, 1944: Bombing Lens, France. Vickie's first trip was really a success…bang on! It was a pity to see her watch the bombs explode over her ancestors but after a few tears dropped, she braced herself and said, "Skipper, this is awful but it must be done – let's work all together as in a prayer and we'll exterminate those damn B…2X%$!" We have faith in you, Vickie, and here's wishing you the very best of luck on your first tour. Our last trip, Van.

April 23, 1944: Certified that Vickie was tested and took the circuits and bombs in an old fashioned manner. Her training complete. I declare that. She can face it! A flight commander, 425 Alouette.

April 9, 1944: Certify that Vickie was baptized on Easter Sunday and had Flight Lieutenant Real St. Amour as godfather and Mrs. St. Amour (by procuration) as godmother. Unfortunately, nobody was present to give her father's name and her birthplace. At any rate, I can certify that, in spite of her doubtful ancestry, she behaves herself very well as a good girl and accordingly, deserved the blessing of the chaplain. Maurice Laplante.

April 27, 1944, Bombing Aulnoye, France: Dat target, she is "fini" alright! Vickie dropped the cookie bang on. She's a good morale builder and sure will carry on.

May 1, 1944, Bombing St. Ghislain, France: She cried…and said, "Poor la France! When we got to do it, we got to do it. We did it." Bob.

T/Sgt. "Vickie" Operational Overseer. Promoted and appointed to a commission to the rank of Assistant Section Officer MK II. Effective May 14, 1944. "On being declared a mother to be by Doc." On Mother's Day, R. H. McLernon W/C, C. O., 425 Squadron.

May 18, 1944, Bombing, Moulier, France, Gun-site: She said, "The trip was too quiet." The weather was so hazy that she did not want to look outside. She kept her back to the window and looking at me all the way. This is understandable, being pregnant. Poor Vickie!

May 22, 1944, Bombing Le Mans, France, Marshalling Yards: Poor Vickie! She was feeling bad tonight. I guess her pregnancy does not doe her any good. She had to stay inside with the navigator all night, unable to look outside, fearing that the events happening around would affect the soon-coming Vicky Jr. She'll surely be a good mother.

May 31, 1944, Operations Au Fevre Radio Station: Vickie says, "Give me enemy territory any day." She got soaked in the rain storms, blinded by lightning flashes but still stuck to her post. The target was comparatively quiet but had to come back through the storm and the rain. Vickie likes the weather better in sunny Canada. Landed safely at base.

June 2, 1944, Operations Neufchatel, France: Vickie was holding her tummy all the way – very bumpy day.

June 5, 1944, Operations Invasion Coast, Houlgate, France: "Ain't it lovely," says Vickie, seeing the invasion barges crossing the Channel. "What a celebration you're getting on your 25th birthday, Wireless Operator, Chucks! Those clouds spoil my view of the barges."

Operations to Coutances. Landed at Turweston, Turweston to Base, June 6, 1944: Vickie was really alert on the trip and really tried to be a help by offering to check the compass for the navigator but due to her condition, the engineer said he would, as it was climbing over the spars and might harm her. Near the coast, she complained of being trifle sleepy, so the gunners shared up their wakee-wakee pills as she wanted to see all she could of the invasion, which took place that morning. Crossing the Channel, she sighted a hospital ship and said she hoped when it came time for junior to arrive, it could be arranged so she could be admitted to a ward on one of them as she had hopes of him being a pilot in the fleet Air Arm and would like him to grow up accustomed to the high seas. She saw the training instructor first and told the bomber aimer. It was rather cloudy, so she didn't see much of the target but reported a couple of fighters and lots of flak to the gunners and saved the pilot from hitting another Halifax. On the way home, she was

listening to Harry James on the old British Broadcasting Corporation but was on her toes and picked up the broadcast and got the diversion to Turweston. She enjoyed the breakfast but was cheesed at not having beds and said, “We may as well face it,” then rested in the co-pilot’s seat until we took off. Arrived at base quiet well but tired. Tex Crowe.

June 7, 1944, Operations Acheres Ammunition Dump, France (Posthumous DFC): Vickie wants more fighters to attack her. Vickie saw the first fighter come in from the port quarter down and immediately gave the skipper evasive action, opened up with her Point 5. After chasing one away, she saw another come in from above, which was firing at her and Vickie, taking a dim view of the whole thing, opened up with her four Brownings and caught the fighter with his pants down. He caught aflame and hit the deck. So now Vickie want to have a few more attacks but not with me.

F/O Kirk, Missing - Back; ORS Boulogne 15/6/44 - with F/O Faley, Back? (Prisoner of War); F/O Collins - Back; F/O Hagen Back?; Sgt. Adams - Dead; Sgt. McEnvoy - Dead. The Squadron has lost one of the best crew and cheerful friends. Let us hope for the best and may they be safe! The Saint.

June 9, 1944, Operations Le Mans Airfield: Vickie was sent on this trip as Safety Pilot since we just returned from leave and felt a capable bod was necessary. Since no fighters were seen, Vickie became very cheesed and due to the low level sweep back out to the coast and the heat of the battle, organized a game of strip poker in the rest position. Poor Vickie! How was she to know the dices were loaded? Had her picture taken on return and will soon be posted up as the favorite pin-up of the 425 Alouette!

June 10, 1944, Operations Versailles, La France: Vickie gave us our first spot of trouble with the aircraft coming back from the target. She started playing around with the hydraulic levers and finally caused one of the lines to break. But she was forgiven, as during the whole of the time over enemy occupied territory, she kept a good lookout in the AstroDome and saw one fighter plane.

June 16, 1944, Operations Sautrecourt: Well, Vickie, with all your experience, you must have taken this trip very calmly and considered it on the whole as a quiet do. The skipper, on behalf of the crew, thanks you very much for services rendered -- warning of two fighters, telling the Bomb Aimer to get the finger out and giving X#@&%!! to the P.F.F. for being late on the target. We hope the ensuing dummy run will leave no bad effects on Vickie Jr. He (or she) might want to join aircrew (God bless ‘em!). The crew enjoyed having you along and hope that their remaining trips will be, as with you, the same. We might add, even the navigator was quiet. Pierre.

June 23, 1944, Operations Bientques: On this trip, Vickie acted as a perfect pilot. She did all a good pilot does and all were very happy. The trip in itself was a real good one as we saw more flak over England on the whole than over France. Still, Calais and Boulougne were hot for a little while. The hardest part of the trip was the circling over the base on return.

June 27, 1944, Operations Foret-Deawy, France: Well, tonight poor Vickie nearly had it! Very good and short trip and Vickie kept a good watch for fighters from the co-pilot seat and at the same time, keeping an eye on the navigators table. The hot spot was right here. An A/C blew up on landing, destroying another one and damaging six others, including the one in which Vickie stood. nose blown away. Vickie suffered slight injuries, including her right ear slightly burned. Near miss. Good old Vickie! Yet, let us hope for the best…being pregnant, it could be rather bad.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE
UNITED KINGDOM BASE ACCOUNTS UNIT
NOTIFICATION OF CHANGE IN RCAF CARROT ENTITLEMENT

The RCAF carrot entitlement shown in the Service and Pay Book of the Airmen is to be altered as follows, effective 1-11-44. The reason for this change is as follows: Mich Mk. II; Gerry Mk. III: Marie Mk. IV; Joe Mk. V; Zombie (the father), arrived at Tholthorpe in the mud, May 14, 1944, shot down with crew in February 1945.

October 25, 1944: Vickie gave birth to a daughter, Mich, and a son, Gerry. Posted to 22 Operational Training Unit and successfully completed training. Now qualified for operations.

October 29, 1944: This is to certify that Flight Lieutenant Vickie (or Flt. Off) has completed in record time, one tour as screened instructor at 22 Operational Training Unit, Vickie is now fit to be re-posted back to 425 Squadron, and then to Canada for a month's aircrew special leave. When on a second tour, let's hope Vickie will get some real targets this time. RAF Station, Stratford Commanding Officer, Warwickshire, England.

CERTIFICATES OF QUALIFICATION

This is to certify that Mascots Mich II and Gerry III, etc. have qualified as Navigator and Bomb Aimer with effect from July 28, 1944, signed and dated October 11, 1944. Unit 425 Squadron.

This is to certify that Marie IV and Joe V have qualified as Wireless and Engineer (respectively) with effect from July 28, 1944. Signed and dated October 11, 1944. Unit 425 Squadron.

This is to certify that Belle VI and Queen VII have qualified as Gunners with effect from December 6, 1944. Signed and dated January 29, 1945. Unit 425 Squadron.

This is to certify that Adele VIII and Jules have qualified as Spare Gunners with effect from February 2, 1945. Signed R. St. Amour. Dated February 10, 1945. Unit 425 Squadron.

November 2, 1944, Operations Dusseldorf: Both Gerry and Mich were a bit cheesed after having to change aircraft at the last minute but they took it all in their stride and with the help of Gerry, we managed to get "Zebra" airborne. Mich didn't waste a second in getting joy from the roar and kept us glued to track on the whole outward trip. Did he panic when we arrived late at the coast? Did he _____?? As any navigator, he had all the clues and we arrived over the training instructor's to the second. With Gerry guiding us among the search lights and fighters, we made a very successful run and he swears there are a great many less jerries in Dusseldorf now!

November 3, 1944: Mitch and Gerry did leave for an operation tonight but never returned. Here's hoping that they are safe somewhere with flying officer. Crew away from target and have been declared missing. We are all waiting for the good news. Come on lucky ones! Come back soon! Alouette Commanding Officer, 425 Squadron.

November 17, 1944: Sgt. Mich Mk II and Sgt. Gerry Mk III, who have previously been reported missing on the 4th of November, 1944, have mysteriously reappeared, presumably from A.W.O.L. Disciplinary action has been taken by prohibiting any rabbit courting for the next two months and detailed to fly on all cross country when not on operations. H.C. Ledoux, Commanding Officer.

December 4, 1944, Pilot Bombing: Roll of Honor: In memory of Mich and Gerry, two brave and devoted mascots who offered their life to save the remainder of the crew. They died and were buried with the remains of our regretted Sgt. Arcand. May God have mercy on them.

March 18, 1945: Certification -- This is to certify that the said mascots, Mich and Gerry, have completed 16 successful trips (on operations) over enemy territory and reported missing on the 17th trip. Later news reported them dead.

MASCOTS LIVE ON

In spite of the regrettable losses the Alouette Squadron has suffered throughout this war, the Esprit De Corps and morale of all personnel always maintained its peak.

It is remarkable the faith and utmost confidence the Aircrew had in these mascots! When Marie and Joe were killed, 22 lads from different crews had booked these mascots for sorties on future operations. This list was left to rot in the Adj's Office pending delivery of new rabbits from Vickie in Canada.

Two (A.G.'s) finally reached England but it was too late to save the last missing crew. However, they were on time for the V.E. Day celebration.

Mich and Gerry were replaced by Bunny Brothers soon after their death but again, transportation facilities failed to bring them to the hot spot on time.

All these mascots live on and can now be found as forming a whole crew (all wearing wings of their own trade) sitting prettily on a good old piece of ash, under a locked dome-shaped glass cover at the home of Flight Lieutenant, J.R. St. Amour, MBE.

May peace, liberty and happiness reign forever over these mascots.

The Saint

Letter from Harold George Scott, Ph D

Harold George Scott, in his book, Lupow 4, fondly describes a 30-year-old-cockatoo named, Tojo. The bird belonged to Staff Sergeant, Lyle Krieger.

The U.S. Army Field Artillery operated two prisoner of war camps in the Philippines: Formosan camp located at Marikina, and Japanese camp at Los Banos. The Japanese camps, holding American prisoners, were in close proximity to the disciplinary camps of the U.S. army.

Tojo's wolf whistles would get the soldier's in trouble with the local girls, especially when he'd keep quiet after the soldier's would explain that the sounds had come from the bird. When he was yelled at, Tojo threw tantrums and projected, "What a fuss! What a fuss!"

Colorful to a fault, he was also particular in his meal preparation. He liked his coffee to have the right amount of canned milk and sugar. Canned beans had to be coated in non-melting butter

and goat meat needed a light salting before it could pass his beak.

Letter from James W. Shank, United States Marine Corps (Retired)

When I enlisted in the United States navy as an aviation cadet, December 5, 1942, I put a 1921 silver dollar in my pocket. I carried it through World War II, Korea, Lebanon in 1957, and Vietnam. I still carry it, though it's not recognizable anymore.

I'm not superstitious. God is my good luck.

Letter from Colonel A. Park Shaw Jr.

My World War II mascot Mac, a Scottie, was born on board ship off New Guinea in 1944. She went to Luzon for the invasion on January 9, 1945 with the Sixth Infantry Division. Later, when we went to Japan in September 1945, she was smuggled on board and made the trip to Hokkaido for the first day of the Japanese occupation at Otaru.

When I came home in February 1946, after 32 months overseas, Mac and I had to part due to a six-month quarantine. She went to an army chaplain Captain Graw for another two years and then to Major and Mrs. Rivers. She lived to be about 12. I've still kept the letters from Mrs. Rivers and Mac's collar, made from leather with her name tag engraved in metal that we retrieved from a shot-down Japanese aircraft on Luzon.

Letter from Ben F. Smith, Engine Room Artificer 4/C, V-37602

There is an anecdote on a little dog that made a few Atlantic crossings with us on board the HMCS Jonquiere, a Canadian frigate. The poor little fellow did not remain with us too long and I'm sure his "war of nerves" prevented him from growing to any degree while on board. To the best of our knowledge, he did get a good home and we did enjoy his company during his brief stay.

Refit was a Heinz 57 who made himself owner of the ship. He accepted offerings from everyone. When things got rough at sea, one of his shipmates would slip Refit inside his Mae West jacket. Only the dog's head would show as the rest of his body shivered inside the jacket. He'd stay like that until the excitement was over.

Sailor was a mascot at HMCS Tecumseh. I was based in Calgary for a short period and at that time the base or defense headquarters was a re-converted Nash automobile showroom.

Each time we came on board, old Sailor was there to greet us. He was about the ugliest British Bulldog I have ever seen. In fact, he looked a lot like Winston Churchill. He used to accompany us on our route marches through the streets of Calgary at a half lope on those short crooked legs. Even though he was a formidable looking sight, he was a real pussy cat at heart.

On one occasion we played a game of football against an air force team in Mewata Park. Needless to say, they had much more bench strength to draw from than us. They were beating the pants off us. Some of their fans became pretty cocky about the lopsided score so we had to

go for our secret weapon. A couple of us decided to stride past their bench with old Sailor in tow. As he passed, he stopped, took a look at them, sniffed a few of them, and it was amazing how subdued them suddenly became.

Letter from W.A. Smith

Vino was acquired in North Africa at a French-speaking port. I'm not quite sure whether it was Didjidjelli or Bugie. This was after the Italian invasion.

Vino, W. A. Smith Collection

The dog was pressed into service on a Landing Craft Infantry (Large), the 12th of a flotilla of 12 ships. Later named the 250th, the flotilla took part in the Italian campaign and in the Burma campaign. I cannot remember how long they kept Vino. He later became a pet of British sailors.

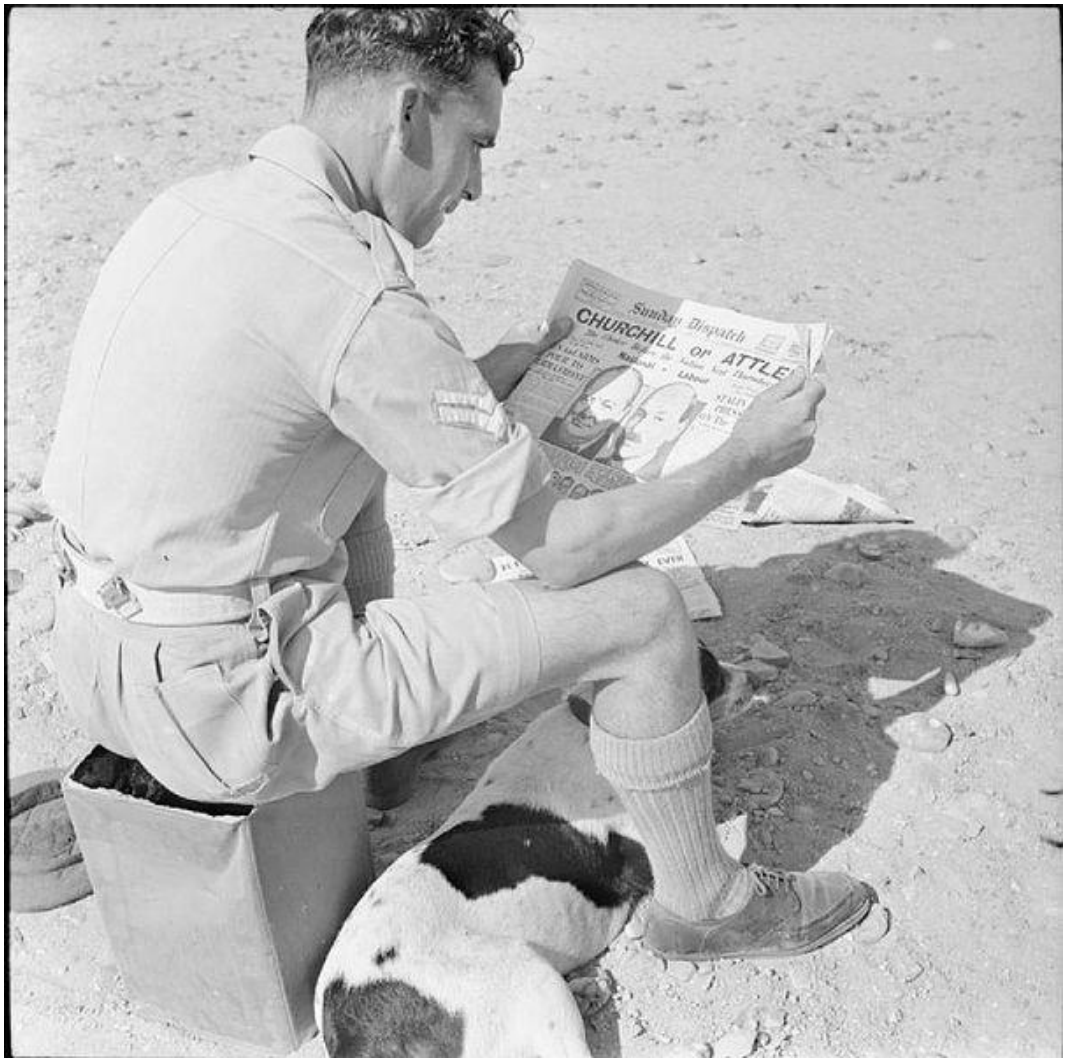
At our last port, India's Chittagong, close to the Burmese border, the flotilla staff was put ashore to spend a short time in a camp previously occupied by British Royal Marine Commandos. It was in a clearing on the edge of town, surrounded by a large wooden area, and the billets were known as bashas. A basha is a large bamboo hut, in this case, about 10 feet by 40 feet with a sliding bamboo door for an entrance. Inside, about eight rough wooden bunks lined up stretching from end to end, supporting a mosquito net above each bunk.

On our first night after returning from an evening out, we were amazed at the wreckage inside the bashas. It looked like a disaster area. Some nets were down and others torn, photos of loved ones, cigarettes, towels, etc, were scattered around. The whole place was a mess. Everyone was puzzled as to what might have caused this havoc. As a result, the following night, we decided not to go out. We lay awake through the night.

In the early hours of the morning, we heard noises on the roof but when we went out into the moonlight. We couldn't see anything. Again, the next night we kept the same vigil and I armed myself with a stout stick, not knowing what to expect. This time we saw the culprit.

Standing menacingly in the moonlight, teeth barred, was a large monkey. It looked ready to attack but as it saw the large stick, it fled into the trees in the direction of an Indian camp situated not too far away. Since we never saw the monkey again, we assumed they had taken care of it.

It was learned that the ape was a mascot of the Royal Marines who, no doubt, were glad to be rid of it since it had turned into a nasty, vicious animal, whose bite could induce rabies.



Before voting at a tented polling station close to the pyramids, Corporal E. Hopwood studies the Sunday Dispatch newspaper lead article on the two main parties: Conservative and Labour. Imperial War Museum E31102. Public Domain.

Letter from U.S. Coast Guard

The continuity of Sinbad as mascot of the USCGC Campbell dates from prior to World War II. Sinbad joined our ship in 1937. He served throughout the war in both theaters of operation and became a famous personality and the subject of a book and numerous magazine and newspaper articles.

A 15-year period intervened before Sinbad II was obtained from the Staten Island A.S.P.C.A. on May 12, 1961 at the age of two years. He was a Boxer-Mastiff cross. In October 1963, it was decided that Sinbad II had performed his duties in a diligent manner and reached the age of retirement.

Sinbad III volunteered as a mascot for the Campbell on November 20, 1963 at the ripe old age of eight months. He relived Sinbad II as mascot on the following day and was assigned his duties.

SINBAD--THE FOUR LEGGED SAILOR
U.S. Coast Guard

For those who remember, and there are many, the North Atlantic during those hectic war years of World War II was the last place in the world you would want to be. If you weren't fighting icy winds and ferocious storms, you were fighting German U-boats. Longevity among merchant marine ships in convoys was usually counted from day to day.

However, there was one U.S. combat vessel that served in that theater of operations whose crew would swear to you that they survived because of one special commodity no other vessel had. That commodity was Sinbad. Sinbad was a very rare commodity indeed. For Sinbad was a 24 pound brown, black and white mongrel dog that served aboard the Coast Guard Cutter Campbell throughout the war and was more of a sailor than many.

He came aboard the Campbell in 1937 when the cutter made a port call in Portugal. He became part of the crew and remained a crew member for the duration of the war. Stories about him have become the stuff of myth and legend however most of the stories have been verified and chronicled in such publications as Life Magazine and by wire services serving newspapers throughout the world during the war. His life story was also published in a book called, Sinbad of the Coast Guard, and even made it into a short subject Hollywood film named, Dog of the Seven Seas, that was released by Universal Pictures in 1947. He was for real and he was unusual to say the least.

A "salty sea dog" all the way, Sinbad stood watches with the crew. Ate and slept with the crew in their mess and their bunks, always choosing a different bunk each night so as to spread his friendship among them. He deliberately avoided the officers' wardroom for quarters and only on rare occasions, would associate with officers when on liberty, caging a taxi ride or a drink. Yes, Sinbad was a sailor all the way and somewhat of a boozer in the finest mold of the seagoing man when on liberty. Every time the Campbell would make port and liberty was given, he would be the first off ahead of his shipmates to hit the bars.

A typical Sinbad liberty would see him march right into a bar, spot an empty bar stool, jump on it and bark once. The bartenders would automatically pour a shot of whiskey with a beer chaser. Sinbad would lap them up, jump down and leave, heading for the next bar. His tab was always

picked up, no questions asked. He would do the same in several bars and would return to the Campbell with some crew members, just as bombed, usually more so, then he'd hit the sack to sleep it off. Just as many following mornings, the ship's doctor would prescribe an aspirin, which he would take to see him through another day.

Sinbad was brought up on charges several times and given several captain's masts. Once he missed a sailing in Sicily, was picked up by the shore patrol and eventually placed on a destroyer that was coming back to the States. Ironically, the destroyer pulled into a particular east coast port and moved into dock. Sinbad began barking his head off, staring at one ship among many in the harbor. It was the Coast Guard Cutter Campbell. He was soon reunited with his shipmates however he was declared AWOL and served time in the cutter's brig for that caper.

Another time, he was late returning to the cutter, only to see it pulling away from the dock. He stood on the pier, barking furiously at the departing cutter. Finally, in desperation, he leaped into the sea and began swimming after the ship. He was spotted by crew members who implored the captain to return and pick him up. The captain refused and continued. Sinbad continued to give chase but it was obviously a losing cause. The cutter was pulling away. The helmsman beseeched the captain to turn about. Finally, the captain said, "Dammit! If that dog wants to be aboard that much, swing about and pick him up." That was the last time Sinbad ever missed a sailing.

Sinbad was actually banned from taking liberty in Greenland. Apparently on one call to a port there, he made his name infamous among sheep farmers by annoying their sheep. Called before the Captain, he was forever banned from setting paw on Greenland soil. When the cutter would pull into port there, Sinbad, without being told, would stand on the forepeak of the vessel and watch his buddies go off on liberty. There he would be when they returned, ready to escort the unsteadiest to his bunk.

The dog's press clippings became enormous. In Ireland, a notice invariably appeared in the society columns of local papers whenever the cutter arrived and he was expected ashore. He was known on two continents and in a hundred ports. He was on the finest social terms with high-ranking naval officers of five nations besides thousands of sailors, bartenders and waterfront characters he met at his favorite drinking places.

An anonymous poem was written about the Campbell that included him:

> *The Campbell's underway as yet, just made the Iceland run.*
> *Liberty we don't get, but hell, we're just having fun.*
> *We skin our shins in the darkness each night as we're blacked out.*
> *And we're always whacking bulkheads as we slip by Mister Kraut.*
> *Some of the guys get seasick as we bounce from crest to crest.*
> *And the ship smells like a _____ house from bottom to crow's nest.*
> *We all are looking forward to when we get back to port.*
> *Then there will be a scramble shoreward and each man will buy a quart.*
> *It's not a pretty picture that these Campbell guys will do;*
> *Even dogs ain't safe ashore for Sinbad's in our crew.*

At the end of the war, Sinbad went on a publicity tour around the U.S. for the coast guard. Finally, the old sea dog was retired from sea duty but continued on in service, making his home with the coast guardsmen at Barnegat Lifeboat Station in northern New Jersey. Sinbad eventually passed

away on December 30, 1951 after serving 14 years in the coast guard. According to available records, he was buried there on the grounds of the station. Unfortunately, today the exact location of his grave is unknown.

Sinbad, the four legged sailor, or rather coast guardsman, was as much a part of the Campbell as his two legged shipmates. His contributions to that ship was incalculable in terms of the morale boost he provided, and to his shipmates, he was their talisman, their good luck charm that brought them through battles with submarines, storms and the terrible North Atlantic winter ice.

When the Campbell became involved with a German U-boat, ramming and sinking it with gunfire, Sinbad remained on deck, observing the action.

Because of damage suffered in ramming the sub, most of the crew was transferred to another convoy escort to lighten the vessel and try and keep the gaping hole in the bow above water. Among those chosen to stay aboard was Sinbad. As the captain said, “As long as Sinbad is aboard, Campbell will survive.” And sure enough, Campbell made it back to port with Sinbad and the skeleton crew safe and sound.

He is missed to this day by the men who survived him, drank with him, ate with him, slept with him and fought with him. This Sinbad was indeed a sailor.

Eddie Lloyd, the late editor of the old Coast Guard Magazine, said of Sinbad when he was in his prime, “Sinbad was a salty sailor but he’s not a good sailor. He’ll never rate gold hash marks nor Good Conduct Medals. He’s been on report several times and he’s raised hell in a number of ports. On a few occasions, he has embarrassed the United States government by creating disturbances in foreign zones. Perhaps that’s why coast guardsmen love Sinbad. He’s as bad as the worst and as good as the best.”

Thanks to Jim Ward, Chief, Community Relations Branch Public Affairs Division, Office of Boating, Public and Consumer Affairs, U. S. Coast Guard, Washington, D. C.

Letter from Douglas Vincent

In November 1940, in Halifax, one of our stokers from HMCS Hepatica picked up a young dog and brought him aboard ship. We gave him the name Stokey and made him a hammock because the corvette rolled so much. He couldn’t sleep from the moving about.

We arrived in Scotland, December 1940, to have our guns installed and the dog would go ashore with us. By now, having sailors instinct, he would go off on his own but always returned to the ship in time for bed.

We then moved down the Clyde river to Greenoch on sea patrol. Stokey would go ashore when we visited the old pub and at closing time, he would lead us back in the darkness (blackout) to our ship. One of our times ashore, he went absent without leave and we sailed without him. We were out for over a week and thought we lost him. When we arrived back in port, there was a signal for us stating the police in Glascow, Scotland found Stokey and by his name, they held him for us. It was a happy reunion when he came aboard (no penalty).

The dog had the run of the ship. The first corvettes had a short forecastle which made it very dangerous going from our quarters during a storm. When we left the dog out on the mess deck, we had to make sure that the ship was at the right angle and the deck was not awash.

Stokey would make a run for the first ladder, which had rungs, and would crawl up a few rungs until the next wave passed. He would wrap his legs around the rungs to hold on. He was almost human in his actions.

The dog was with us overseas approximately two years, so when we came back to Canada, one of the stokers took him home with him. We all felt he had enough sea time and should rest his sea legs ashore for his remaining years.

Letter from Alvin D. Walker

I served on board the U.S.S. Pocomoke, a sea plane tender, during the years of 1941 - 1943. We had two pets, a male dog and a female cat, to which their nationalities were dubious. The cat was very intelligent. We kept a sand box on the second deck in the machine shop under the starboard ladder. It was quite common to see her running aft on the quarterdeck, down the ladder and duck underneath to her box. Steel decks were a little hard to dig a potty in. When we were under way at sea, we always went to battle stations just before dawn. During this time we noticed that the cat was never seen anywhere on deck. One morning, when the order was given to secure from general quarters, someone saw the cat emerging from one of the lifeboats. From then on we watched closely and every time we secured from general quarters, the cat would appear from the same lifeboat. It had one bad habit, though. Early in the morning the sea air was chilly so she had a habit of jumping on the #3 hatch to warm herself in the sun. One morning the hatch was open when she jumped on it and she fell three decks, about 20 feet, landed on her feet and scurried back up to the main deck, seemingly unhurt. She frequently went ashore when we docked but when we were in San Diego, California, she didn't come back. She was listed as absent without leave but we did recommend an honorable discharge.

The dog's story had a rather tragic ending. After being on board for several months, one morning he tried sunning himself on the same hatch that the cat had tried. Once again the hatch was open and he was unfortunate to strike a beam half way down, breaking several bones in his hip area. We carefully carried him to the sick bay and the surgeons spent several hours pinning and sewing his wounds before he was placed in a cast from his waist down. We carried him up to our seaplane deck and placed him in his dog house. Of course, we had to carry food and water to him, which we really didn't mind. He was so pitiful, lying there, not being able to run around. Another shipmate by the name of, Stine, who was from Brooklyn, helped me build a tower on wheels with a saddle and straps so the dog could get around. He did pretty well but a few days later, he died from complications caused by the extensive surgery.

Letter from Clare Wall

My regiment, during World War II, printed a unit newspaper each week. It was known as FLAK and published by hook or by crook each week to keep everyone in the outfit up to date with happenings within or outside our own activities.

THUMBNAIL SKETCH OF ABLE TROOP'S MASCOT
By Art Ault A Tp.

During the very tough hot days at Vaucelles, a half-grown, rather scraggly cocker spaniel was seen trotting from refuse dump to refuse dump, obviously on the loose. A can of the much despised "snake and kidney" soon won his undying attachment and from that day, started the travels which we doubt have not been surpassed by any canine member of the Canadian army, with the exception of regional headquarter's Peggy.

At Cintheaux, the rapidly growing pup was wounded in the neck by shrapnel and this developed an unerring instinct for beating all and sundry to the slit trenches when mortars, shells and bombs were imminent. Word soon spread that when the dog took cover, it was no time to stand on one's dignity, nor consider the order of going but duck faster than somewhat!

It was at Cintheaux that the dog was also buried alive in a dugout with four human companions. It came so close to make Able Troop headquarters merely a memory and a regrettable entry in the War Diary. The pup displayed absolutely no panic. In fact, he was probably cooler in an emergency than we humans. He assisted to no end in digging a shaft to the life-giving air.

As we moved to Rouves, we constantly discussed a suitable name for our mascot, and it was most remarkable that he would lie on his back with all four paws in the air, devouring whole apples in quantity. This led to the name, Cider. Those entrusted to his care often resorted to camouflaging his snake and kidney with apple sauce when he, like ourselves, showed reluctance to partake thereof.

And so through France, with Cider munching his way through innumerable orchards, we moved on to Belgium. During a sojourn at a chateau near Aalter, Cider finally came into his own and displayed the hunting instinct for which his breed was famous. The surrounding woods echoed with his shrill yelps as he chased rabbits, flushed pheasants and had the time of his life.

At the end, the flat muddy Dutch countryside offered little to satisfy his love for the chase. At the time of this writing, he was dashing about beneath the window, trying to figure out a new situation. It was his first encounter with snow.

May he, with us, soon be reveling in good old Canada, his well earned discharge certificate suitably framed to decorate his kennel.

ENGLISH MOTHER TAKES HER SONS TO WAR
By C. F. Wall, B. Troop

We have often read in the annals of history how fathers have led their sons into battle. This regiment holds the rare distinction of having a mother with her two sons doing battle on the continent. The lady in question was Peggy, regional headquarter's canine mascot. Her two offspring, Ike and Monty, were mascots respectively for 1

BHQ and Baker Troop RQ.

We believed Peggy was one of the most travelled pets in the Canadian army overseas, with her two sons running a close second. Regimental Sergeant Major Hay became the custodian of Peggy late in the summer of 1943 when she was just a pup. In true mother tradition, she experienced three multiple blessed events. On New Year's Day 1944, she proudly deposited on Mr. Hay's bed, five youngsters, all of whom unfortunately died a few days later. On June 30, 1944, two more stalwart sons arrived in the persons of Ike and Monty.

These two laddies embarked with the regiment from England at the tender age of seven days, nestled with mother Peggy in a signal van in the hold of a ship. Since then their experiences had been many.

From our first positions in France, on to the rubble of Caen, eating the dust on the route to Calais, an unforgettable bombing, St. Omer, Belgium and the Scheldt. Monty could add six points to his application for home leave after he picked up a small shell splinter in his right paw. Once recovered, he could hold his own in a friendly tussle with Ike.

Letter from Margaret M. Wehlann

Frances, better known as Bitchy, served on the HMCS Fort Frances. The Algerine class ship had sailed the Triangle Run (Newfoundland-New York-Bermuda).

Letter from Ken Winter, R62048 Sergeant

Butch was a tan, short-haired male dog with real nice ears and an alert look about him. He was the unofficial mascot at RCAF station in Prince George. I didn't know when he came there but he was there in May 1944 when I received my posting. He was also there when I left in November 1945. I often wondered what became of him.

Butch loved and trusted all airmen but was indifferent to civilians. He roamed the station and was allowed into all buildings, even the mess hall.

He spent most nights in a barrack block, except like most single RCAF-types, he liked a night out on the town. If he decided to go into Prince George from the RCAF station, he'd just hop into a jeep or truck at the guard house and would get where he wanted to go. When he was ready to return to camp, he waited by the road near the bridge and hitched a ride with any RCAF vehicle. All the men knew him and someone would alert the driver, "Hey! There's Butch wanting a ride! Stop!"

Butch had no problem with transportation but only on a military vehicle. No civilian could even pet him.

I lived in a tiny cabin by the bridge on the bank of the Fraser river, where the Nechanko river joins it. Several times, late at night, I'd hear a scratching at the door. It would be Butch, tired and worn

out from an evening of debauchery in Prince George. He would come in and sleep until I caught the truck personnel run at 7:15 am. We would both catch a ride to camp.

A settlement of two tiny cabins adjacent to the station were called, Dog Patch and Skunk Hollow. They were occupied by married personnel. Butch visited there, too.

I hope Butch was taken into civilian life by one of the last RCAF guys at the war's end. It would be quite an adjustment for him, though.

Letter from Manning Wright

When we commissioned the frigate HMCS Lanark in July 1944, the sponsoring town of Perth, among other things, donated to the ship's company, a black water spaniel about six months of age. The pup was appropriately named, Perth, after the town and as the Sick Bay tiffy of Lanark, I was designated to see that it was ship-trained and looked after.

After our work-ups in Bermuda, we travelled to Londonderry, Northern Ireland, to assemble escort group C-7 of which Lanark was Senior Officer. We finished the European phase of the war on the Newfie-Derry run.

Perth made an excellent mascot. He quickly developed his sea legs and was friendly and receptive to all members of the crew. Although we had no papers for him, I am certain that we all avowed that he was purebred, unlike those scruffy Heinz 57's on board our sister ships.

Shortly before Christmas 1944, Perth acquired a playmate. It was custom for Canadian ships to take on board an Irish pilot while travelling the Foyle up to Derry. When we would anchor to take on or discharge a pilot, we were usually surrounded by one or more small boats offering us all sorts of goods for sale.

On this occasion, the feature attraction was live geese. Several of these tempting tidbits were acquired by some of the messes or by individual sailors, ostensibly for Christmas dinner.

The stokers and petty officers promptly dispatched their purchase to the galley but in the foc'sle mess, one of our mates could not bring himself to "knocking off" his newly found friend. Indeed, the goose had certainly displayed a personality.

Thus Lanark acquired a second mascot: Gus the Goose. Gus and Perth quickly became friends and spent many hours together. Gus seemed to enjoy preening Perth's coat and Perth was content with the attention. Needless to say, as a pair, they attracted much attention from our own crew and from any ships who came within eyesight of them. They even made the news in the Ottawa Journal by way of an RCN photo.

But it was when we were tied up in port that Gus really showed his stuff. No matter at what time the shipmates staggered aboard from shore leave, Gus was there alongside the quartermaster to greet them. He recognized members of the Lanark crew. If a matelote had the misfortune of berthing outside Lanark and had to cross her quarterdeck to get aboard, he had Gus to deal with. Gus did not like strangers aboard.

Especially targeted were the mascots on any ship which chanced to berth nearby. As a rule, mascots, like all sailors, like to put their feet ashore on occasion but Gus was there to challenge all comers with a hiss and wings spread in a menacing fashion. Unlucky was the mascot who managed to sneak ashore when Gus wasn't looking. His chances of getting back on board were pretty iffy.

Unfortunately, all good things seem to come to an end. Gus made several trips with us doing convoy duty between Newfie and Derry (Newfoundland and Londonderry). Perth and Gus cemented a great companionship and during daylight hours, they spent most of the time together. The Lanark crew was very proud of their unique pair of mascots.

However, coming back from Derry in early 1945, we ran into some horrendous weather. The convoy was scattered for miles as it was battered by the sea. Lookouts on the Lanark were restricted to the bridge. Debris floated past us as we made our way trying to attend to the problems of the merchant men. The Lanark herself lost smoke floats and our vegetable locker. Perth remained below deck, as was his custom in bad weather but Gus used to like to seek shelter under the vegetable locker.

Unfortunately, Gus was washed overboard with it. When last seen, Gus was riding a wave to oblivion.

Gus was sadly missed by the crew and I'm certain that Perth missed his friend and playmate but we all knew Gus was resourceful and were certain that he was able to land somewhere in typical shipwrecked sailor fashion.

I left the Lanark in June 1945 and had volunteered for Pacific service and hence, lost track of my good friend Perth. In understand he remained on board until the Lanark decommissioned in October of that year. Unfortunately, I never did learn where Perth made his new home.

Flag taken from Portugese fishing vessel in Bay of Biscayne off France. Fishing vessel had radio gear supplied by Germans which was destroyed as it gave their position to the Germans. HMCS Iroquois - D. Adsit Collection

Seaman Torpedoman's Mess Electrician, HMCS Iroquois, RCN Photo K-162, D. Adsit Collection

Chapter Three

Korea

Miss Hap was an orphaned kitten who was adopted by Sergeant Frank Praytor (pictured here).
Source: U.S. Naval Institute c. 1952
http://www.historybyzim.com/2013/06/animals-in-war-miss-hap-korea/
http://www.historyisnowmagazine.com/blog/2014/5/20/animals-at-war-pet-mascotswar#.VORiBE5MFcs=

The 38th parallel. This imaginary line separating the North Korean Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the South Korean Republic of Korea was the only structure keeping peace between the two countries.

The line was not strong enough to keep the North Koreans from pursuing gainful real estate in the south. The invasion took place June 25, 1950.

The troubled history of the two countries stemmed back to the early 20th century when both were under Japanese rule and known as one Korea. The division was created at the end of World War

II. Soviet troops maintained order in the north while Americans oversaw the south.

The two governments: Communist Democratic People's Republic of Korea (North Korea) and Republic of Korea (South Korea) formed in 1948. The troops from both the United States and Soviet Union withdrew in 1949.

Rather than declare war after the invasion of South Korea, the United Nations issued a peace action and deployed troops to support South Korea. However, given the logistics of travel, casualty replacement would be onerous. Seattle to Korea was 5,500 miles and San Francisco to Korea, through Pearl Harbor, was 6,800 miles. North Koreans heavily outnumbered the UN troops.

In addition to troop shortages, natural hazards impeded their progress. The landscape was treacherous, filled with endless ridges, desolate countryside swept by monsoons, and temperatures reaching over 110 degrees. Chilly Siberian winds produced extreme winter temperatures. Heat, humidity, and high tides in summer helped to add to the miserable surroundings.

The war's reality of the country's natural hazards was compounded by the fact the North Koreans were barbaric in their process. UN and South Korean troops dealt with Communist Hukbalahap guerrillas (Huts), ambushes, an unseen enemy, and napalm. If captured, prisoners of war endured grueling torture before they were killed.

Veterans of this war remember fear, exhaustion, and no purpose in any given battle. Publicly it appears to have been a forgotten war to many, and while the battalions may like to forget, the terrors of battle rage in every memory. They can't forget the feeling of silent desolation and the aroma of roast pork (human flesh burning from napalm).

For three years and one month, the war kept on until a ceasefire ended it in 1953. Americans lost 33, 651 in Korea and casualties for Canada were 312.

MASCOTS

Letter from E.H. Haines

While the enclosed narrative may not meet the criteria of a mascot, in the strictest sense of the term, I can assure you that no pet was ever more sought after, vigorously defended, or cherished than “Esther.” She belonged to everybody, yet no one. In general, she was the unofficial mascot for the UN Naval Forces serving in Korea.

If I remember correctly, the pennant mascot consisted of a yellow field, with a black silhouette of a well-endowed miss holding a champagne glass, super-imposed.

ESTHER

During the Korean conflict, an intense but otherwise unknown naval battle took place but you won’t find it recorded in any official history. This battle, or rather, series of battles, received no recognition, yet they continued to be fought long after the war itself had come to an end.

Since stealth and surprise were the elements of victory and no weapons were used, these battles were invariably fought hand-to-hand. Their duration was always brief. The hit and run method was always employed. Casualties, although not serious, were numerous. Citations or medals were not awarded and victory was recognized solely by the combatants. Quarter was never asked or given, prisoners were not taken, and no permanent victor was to emerge.

The “enemy” was part of the UN Naval Force and since this was a normal state of affairs, it created no undue concern. Yet, under certain circumstances and when the opportunity presented itself, the enemy would be attacked. But the identity of the enemy was subject to change. It moved from ship to ship and could be represented by different vessels at different times. Of course, when it was not the enemy, it automatically became a “friendly.”

Ridiculous? Perhaps but the so-called enemy was not on the other side. She was a UN vessel. But she had something. Something every other vessel wanted and was prepared to fight for.

Something of great value? Not really. At least not in terms of dollars and cents. Yet despite the magnitude of risk involved, she would advertise. Without hesitation she wantonly flaunted her success by displaying a one-of-a-kind flag or pennant. In this manner she immediately identified herself as the common foe, and as such, became the object of aggression, like waving a red flag in front of a bull. But the flag or pennant was not the object or reason for these battles. It was merely a symbol proudly displayed, served to establish the whereabouts of the elusive and cherished “something.” It identified the culprit who had absconded with the prized, Esther.

Esther was what it was all about. She was a photograph. A glossy black and white enlarged publicity picture, the type commonly handed out by movie stars of the time. This one was so special, it was encased in plastic to prevent water damage and was fitted with a flotation collar to prevent accidental loss through sinking. You see, Esther, like her namesake, was aquatic. She had to be. For in the heat and confusion of battle, she frequently wound up in the drink.

When not being fought over, Esther had a special place, proudly displayed in the victor’s wardroom. That was in accordance with the rules. She was bruised and battered, stained and

scratched, and a testament to her stormy career. She could not be hidden away or locked up. A log book was kept in which the name of each ship, along with the date of acquisition, was duly recorded. If you managed to get away with Esther, then the log book and pennant were automatically surrendered. Then it would start all over again.

The namesake? Esther was named after Esther Williams, the popular aquatic movie star. The photograph was of Esther Williams appropriately attired in her working dress. However, this one was special. It bore a fitting and a personal autograph.

Robin Hutton
www.sgtreckless.com

Sergeant Reckless was a small Mongolian mare that served with the Marines in the Korean War.

Lieutenant Eric Petersen bought her from Kim Huk Moon, a Korean boy at the Seoul Race Track in 1952. Reckless was promoted twice to Staff Sergeant and her most heroic battle was in March 1953 at the deadly Battle of Nevada Cities: Outpost Vegas.

Reckless retired in 1960 and was buried with full military honors at Camp Pendleton in May 1968. During the course of her career, Sergeant Reckless received two Purple Hearts, Good Conduct Medal, Presidential Unit Citation with star, National Defense Service Medal, Korean Service Medal, United Nations Service Medal, Navy Unit Commendation, and Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation.

Robin Hutton's book: Sgt. Reckless, America's War Horse, is a New York Times bestseller.

Letter from Ken McOrmond

DOGS GO TO WAR, TOO

The men of the Royal Canadian Regiment left Fort Lewis in April 1951 for the police action in Korea. The Special Force of the RCR boarded the USS General E.D. Patrick at Seattle, Washington amid much fanfare, flag waving, bands playing, and people yelling and singing.

It is surprising that so many soldiers can board a ship with a minimum of confusion and in a reasonable time, then appear back on deck to wave goodbye or just look in quiet meditation at a country that they might never see again, as the troop ship slips her lines and moves away from the dock.

Private Vern Roy of Sudbury, Ontario was moved by the bands playing and people cheering. He turned to Ken McOrmond, his friend, also from Sudbury, and said, "Weren't the Americans appreciative, patriotic, and happy people?" McOrmond replied, "They are happy because they are not going to Korea."

The USS General Patrick was Korea-bound and well into the Pacific Ocean when a dog appeared on deck. If there is one thing a Canadian soldier can do, it is to smuggle anything off or on a ship, so getting a dog aboard was a simple matter. The dog immediately became a great favorite with

everyone and was named Major because as Private Roy Morgan claimed he looked a little like the Major anyway.

Major was petted and pampered the whole trip and gained weight shamelessly. When we arrived in Pusan, there was much excitement and confusion as the troops disembarked. Canadians were immediately transported to a wired-in holding compound a short distance from Pusan. It was sometime later that our thoughts returned to Major and what happened to him. We asked around the compound but no one could tell where he was or they hadn't seen him leave the ship.

One of our non-commissioned officers tried to set our minds at rest when he told us the Koreans are especially fond of dogs. We were happy to hear this and one of the concerned Canadians replied, "I'm sure glad that Koreans like dogs, maybe some Korean family will take Major in and feed him and look after him." The non-commissioned officer looked the soldier right in the eye and said, "I mean that Koreans like dogs in strictly a culinary sense."

Oh, oh, what happened to Major?

The sailors training at the Royal Canadian Navy base in Nova Scotia were accompanied by numerous mascots, including Joe the Crow.

Alice was a dog serving aboard the HMCS Cayuga and was given the rank of Ordinary Dog. When she fell into the drink between two ships, she was fished out by a sailor who was lowered down into the water.

Chapter Four

Vietnam

Chow time! Date Unknown (5933942575)
Wikipedia Commons. Public Domain.

The only physical comfort to a soldier during his tour of duty to Vietnam was a razor and a bar of soap. In most cases, he was plagued with jungle rot, diarrhea, ringworm, mosquitoes, ants, rain, and mud. His biggest challenge was to keep from going insane.

Constant death and destruction surrounded this theater of war. The enemy was completely unseen: farmers by day and fighters by night.

The countryside was unforgiving. Thick foliage and razor-sharp leaves of elephant grass made it near impossible to assess where the enemy was. To combat the countryside and allow troops to search and destroy the Viet Cong, Americans put other Americans at risk. Belches of flame (napalm) cut through the lines and seared over U.S. battalions. Agent Orange, used to fight the dense greenery, clung to everything and everyone, causing rashes, boils, and infection. In Vietnam, any sense of normalcy was redefined.

Originally, Vietnam was a French colony called Indochina. When the French were ousted, the country divided into North and South Vietnam, separated by the 17th parallel. The Communist North employed the Viet Cong into guerrilla warfare on South Vietnam soil and supported them by attempting an invasion.

Americans supported the South via military advisors from the late 1950s to early 1960s. The involvement was increased in 1965 when American troops were deployed up to a half million. While difficult to trace, it's estimated that 10,000 Canadians served in the war. They were volunteered into ranks and received residency visas to qualify their eligibility from U.S.

immigration. Those who lived in the States were drafted.

The Vietnam War ended in 1975 after 21 years of aggression. The Communists overwhelmed the South Vietnamese after American troops pulled out in 1973. 47,369 Americans were killed in the war. Canadian deaths are included in the toll.

MASCOTS

Letter from Harry W. Johnson Jr.

I served on a district advisory team in Bac Lieu Province, South Vietnam, 1969-70. Our airbase team kept a 12-foot python as a mascot.

George was fed mice, rats, chickens, etc, and when I arrived, he was kept in a long cage in front of the operations shack.

George was really Georgette, as during my stay, she had a family. Unfortunately there was a fire in the operations shack that cooked her.

Letter from William R. Bridgeman

My experience has been that people in distant locations tend to acquire animals more for companionship than some sort of unit symbol.

I deployed for Vietnam with the First Calvary Division (Airmobile) in August 1965. My unit was a 44-man Ordnance/Maintenance Detachment (Det. A. {Airborne}, 27th Maintenance Battalion), which was part of the Forward Support Element for the Division's First Airborne Brigade.

We went by sea, spending 15 days aboard the Military Sea Transportation Service (MSTS) "Alexander M. Patch." We landed at Qui Nhon and were heli-lifted to An Khe, which was still being hacked out of the jungle at the time. We set up our tents amid huge termite mounds and gradually our equipment caught up with us and was offloaded from various ships.

Our job was basically to perform all ground maintenance (vehicles, weapons, communications, and engineer equipment) and technical supply support for the Brigade. We did this from mobile shelters, which were towed behind two and a half ton trucks in base camp and from small contact shops mounted on a vehicle called the M-274 Mule out on brigade operations.

During our first week in the country, the creatures we encountered were primarily large tarantulas. The troops burned them out of holes that abounded in our area. We also found a deadly bamboo viper in our tech supply tent one morning. By the time I was due to return home a year later, all our facilities had been place on concrete pads. Everyone lived in good sized general purpose medium tents, which had wooden framing, woven matting from floor to waist level, and screening up to the ceiling. We had relatively comfortable homemade shower and latrine facilities. Almost all of the improvements were made by our own troops during their spare time and not through any army plan.

The unit consisted of one captain, one lieutenant, one warrant officer, and 41 enlisted specialists who were extremely capable in various areas. As I look back on the time, I am amazed at the things they accomplished under field conditions.

I went over as shop officer in the grade of second lieutenant. I had served in the predecessor organization to the First Cavalry, the 11th Air Assault Division (Test), for just over a year and was

promoted to first lieutenant about halfway through my tour in the Republic of Vietnam.

The first couple of months we were in-country, everyone was too busy trying to create a habitable environment to think much about animals. But in the fall of 1965, the unit acquired its first pet. It was a small (15-20 pound) short-haired, tan dog. As I recall, one of the guys brought him back from a laundry run to town one day. He was a friendly little beast who favored the enlisted men's quarters. He did not belong to anyone in particular but kept to the unit area. In that sense, he was something of a mascot.

He went out on a number of operations with us. One occasion in the spring of 1966, when we were operating down near the coast, some soldiers leaving our site, in a deuce-and-a-half, attempted to steal the dog. As they were driving away, some of our guys spotted them and ran out shouting at the thieves, who promptly tossed the dog overboard, breaking one of its front legs. Fortunately we had a medical unit next door. Our men took the dog to them and had its leg set. The dog (who had no name I can recall), took everything in stride and lived a more productive life than the next animal we obtained.

The next notable pet was a small monkey and I can't remember how we got him. The monkey lived on a perch in a tree just outside the orderly room and was the captain's special pet. The captain had been a super individual to work for back in the States but once we got to Vietnam, he changed dramatically. After a few months, we were able to get booze through Qui Nhon and the captain lost no opportunity to stock up. He drank the really cheap stuff, "Ten High" and "Imperial" and a lot of it. He put away about a fifth a day. If he couldn't get the stuff from home, he would buy Japanese "Suntory" whiskey on the local economy. He would sit in his hooch behind the orderly room, drinking most of the day and would come out to tour the unit area once in the morning and once in the afternoon. On these occasions, he would carry a coffee cup of whiskey in one hand and the monkey's leash in the other. While the captain talked to the soldiers, the monkey would climb up on the workbenches in our shelters and would paw over anything that interested him. As you might imagine, this became quite annoying to people working on complicated items like radio or radar equipment.

The troops could do little about the captain but someone took revenge on the monkey, whose primary fault was that he had chosen a bad companion. The monkey enjoyed beer and various troop members would give him a bottle of the local brew, "Tiger" or "33." Later, when we got beer from home, they'd give him a can of that. (It's a curious note that we were provided with much greater quantities of beer from home than of soft drinks. Those who didn't like beer generally made do with Vietnamese Pepsi and orange drinks.) At any rate, someone provided the monkey with a poisoned beer one night and we awoke to find him dead. The captain was livid and held a troop formation, at which he threatened all sorts of retribution. If anything, that hardened hearts against the poor monkey and I don't think anybody missed him much.

We later acquired a similar animal. It was not truly a monkey but it was a nocturnal tree climber. It was identified as a kinkajou, though I am still uncertain of its identity. It lived on the monkey's perch. The "Kink" was friendly to all and didn't become the captain's pet. It was therefore able to live a comfortable and happy life.

There was one soldier in the unit who specialized in reptiles. He was a big, muscular, young man from New Jersey named Doug Beasley. He was my shop clerk so I had the opportunity to see a lot of his pets. He obtained his first small friend when he went on in-country leave to Saigon in early

1966. (In the early days of the war you could do that.) On his return, he was carrying a flimsy medium sized Vietnamese suitcase with holes poked in it. (Let me say that a Vietnamese suitcase was made of thinly pressed cardboard and would fall apart if it was left in the rain.)

He dumps the suitcase in front of us and it turns out to contain an unfriendly python about 12 feet long and a foot and a half in diameter. To this day, I don't know how he got it in that suitcase. He had bought it from a Vietnamese for 10 dollars and kept it in the bathroom of his hotel room in Saigon. The snake was freshly captured and when Beasley would stick his leg in the bathroom, the snake would strike at his boot. Beasley took good care of the snake. He lodged it in a battery box, which was about three feet high and four feet to each side with a screen on top. He played with the snake frequently and bathed it in a 55-gallon drum of water we kept by the tents in case of fire. The python became quite docile and put up with all the handling.

One of Beasley's special concerns was the feeding of the snake. Of course, none of us knew anything about snakes eating habits and that led to a lot of trial and error. Doug captured live rats (which also appeared on the site soon after our arrival) and put them in the battery box. The rats went out of their minds in the presence of the python but the snake never paid any attention to them. We were back at square one but fortunately by this time, we were getting some fresh foods. Beasley got some liver from the Support Element Mess Hall. (This wasn't hard to do since nobody wanted to eat liver, even if the alternative was "C" Rations.) He cut the liver into small pieces and stuffed it down the python with the aid of a number two pencil. I don't know if the snake was happy about this method of feeding but it seemed to accept it.

Alas, the snake came to a sad end: There was one soldier in the unit who was terrified of snakes. Actually, there were several folks who weren't fond of snakes but this guy was special. He raved that snakes were the devil's instruments and almost foamed at the mouth at any mention of the snake. We were due to go on an operation along the coast and Beasley wanted to take his snake. He got hold of a 105 millimeter shell box, put holes in it, coiled the snake inside, and set it in the bed of a cargo truck for the trip. The soldier who feared snakes chose to ride in that vehicle and unknowingly sat on that shell box for the duration of the trip. Beasley arrived at our operational site first and was waiting when the two and a half ton truck pulled in. He went over to it and made the mistake of saying, "Hey! Get up! I want my snake!"

The fellow who had been sitting on the snake almost went into apoplexy. He was in worse shape than the rats that had been in the battery box. He put up such a stir that the captain was forced to banish the snake to the far end of our site. Soon after, the snake turned up missing. Rumor later went about that one of the infantry units across the road had stolen and skinned it.

Beasley later came across a monitor lizard which measured about six feet but I don't think he got over his snake.

Another popular pet was an animal which came closest to instilling unit pride as a mascot in early 1966. Eight of us went on a contact mission southwest of Pleiku, near the Cambodian border. An engineer unit was building and airstrip in the middle of the jungle. There were no roads or trails so we were lifted in by CH-47 (Chinook helicopter). It was all in all a pretty boring mission except for the 155 millimeter howitzers in the open area behind us. They fired H and I (harassment and interdiction) missions at odd hours right over our heads, and believe me, each time they did it, it lifted us off the ground. The second or third day we were there, an infantry patrol came back in with some wild piglets they had stumbled on. They gave one to us and it was truly an exceptional

pig. It was small enough to fit in the palm of your hand with its legs just on either side. It was colored like a chipmunk with alternating black and tan stripes. It was very feisty. We first tried to keep it in a foxhole but it could scale on four and a half feet deep. We had to dig one out deeper for the pig. That was its name, “The Pig.” We radioed back to ensure that a pen was built prior to our return.

The pig proved universally popular, though somewhat aloof. He was remarkably different from the ugly potbellied Vietnamese pigs we were used to. As he grew, he took on a razorback shape. His hair grew scarce and wiry, his tusks grew and he became solid black in color. He would put up with people but he could never truly be said to be tame. He would escape from his pen at any opportunity and it was always quite a sight to see the pig leading 30 or 40 GIs on a chase around the brigade area.

When I left Vietnam in August 1966, the pig was still growing and in good shape. I often wondered if the “second team” pukes who followed up took care of the pig and didn’t look on him as something edible.

On a less personal level, the First Cav did take a mascot to Vietnam and naturally it was a horse. It went over by ship as most of us did. Unfortunately, some nefarious individuals aboard the vessel branded it in large letters along one side, “NAVY.” So the whole thing proved pretty much of an embarrassment. Soon after our arrival, the horse did have the courtesy to go thrashing about the perimeter one night and the infantry popped it off. The Vietnamese replaced it with one of the small local animals who, sensibly enough, stayed closer to division headquarters.

One of the best mascot stories I heard about in Vietnam: The marines up in I Corps had a young elephant named, Gunny Dummy. They made up a canvas vest for him with big gunnery sergeant stripes. They figured that as he matured, he could be promoted to master sergeant but that he’d never be dumb enough to make sergeant major.

Chapter Five

Desert Storm

It was known as the televised war. One fifth of the world's oil reserves were held hostage. Arab forces aligned with the United States against one of their own.

Radio Operation Desert Shield turned into Operation Desert Storm at the hands of Iraqi leader, Saddam Hussein and his refusal to withdraw troops from Iraqi-occupied Kuwait.

On August 2, 1990, the independent kingdom of Kuwait, a major oil producer, was invaded by Iraq. Where there were grievances in respect to Kuwait oil pricing, Hussein claimed the occupation was in support of the Palestinian conflict with Israel.

Iraq's move pushed neighboring Arab states to join in a coalition to liberate Kuwait. While Jordan sided with Iraq, Syria, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia were supported by Britain, France, Canada, and the United States. Allied forces deployed 634,000 troops to the Persian Gulf and it is estimated that Iraq supplied 620,000.

With Israel remaining neutral, the United Nations ordered a world trade embargo against Iraq and built up troops in the Gulf. They also issued an ultimatum to Iraq on November 29, 1990 that they must withdraw from Kuwait or face a war declaration in six weeks. Hussein ignored the United Nations and the result was the heaviest aerial attack ever deployed. Allied forces flew over 100,000 sorties over Iraq and Iraqi-occupied Kuwait. The bombardment of Baghdad began January 16, 1991 at 3:00 am Saudi time.

Atlanta-based television news network CNN captured the beginning of the air attack with three reporters on hand to witness the event. Television networks worldwide would flood the cathode ray with volumes of intricate details of the Gulf War. The pursuit of immediate information increased the need for propaganda on both sides. The coverage was too instantaneous for the coalition's liking and Hussein used the coverage to exploit Iraqi interests.

Despite the massive bombings, Saddam Hussein held the environment hostage. In addition to mining all of Kuwait's 950 oil wells, he ordered the release of millions of liters of Kuwait crude oil into the Persian Gulf.

During the course of battle, Hussein issued threats and aimed Scud missiles at Israel in an attempt to draw them into the war. United Nations continued to encourage their neutrality. Given the troubled history of the Middle East, that Israel's existence is scorned by hostile neighbors, the Americans commitment to her being, serious repercussions would arise if Israel were drawn in. The theater of war in the Gulf might then extend into a world threat.

A beaten nation, Iraq accepted the UN's ceasefire conditions on February 27, 1992. Kuwait was liberated but at a cost. Hussein ordered the destruction of all Kuwait's oil wells, putting 15,000 tons of smoke into the atmosphere. The terrorist attack created an environmental nightmare.

Casualties from Operation Desert Storm listed 126 coalition deaths, 79 of who were Americans. There were no Canadian casualties.

MASCOTS

Letter from William R. Bridgeman

The last time I was in Saudi Arabia, I was on staff of headquarters, XVIII Airborne Corps during Operation Desert Storm. I was a Log Base Charlie in northern Saudi Arabia, at Rafha, and at the port of Dhahran during our deployment.

I dealt with many regular, reserve, and national guard units. During the entire period, I encountered only one puppy, though a cute one, that a sergeant had brought out of Kuwait. He wanted to take it home but couldn't make it happen. He left it at the old Air Defense Artillery School where we were headquartered. Another U.S. army unit followed us at that location and I'm sure they took care of the dog but I fear what may have happened to it afterward as the Saudis have little regard for dogs.

While we were at Dhahran, some Saudi army official gave our corps commander a thoroughbred camel. It wandered around outside our area with some other camels and it really wasn't much of a mascot. There was a serious attempt to bring it home but the general was no more successful with the camel than the sergeant with his dog.

My oldest son and daughter also participated in the Gulf War. My daughter was a company executive officer in the 82nd Airborne Division's Intelligence Battalion and my son was with a reserve parachute rigger company. He stayed on in Kuwait for a year after the war ended. Neither of them made mention of any animals during their military experiences.

Letter from Philip Lemon

Army Sergeant First Class, Philip Lemon adopted Dick when he wandered into camp in Saudi Arabia. Dick joined the 82nd Airborne Division in August of 1990 and helped keep sanity amongst the ranks.

Outfitted for war, complete with an Airborne patch, camouflage desert scarf, ranking (command private first class), name tag, and marching orders, Dick was assigned to the front lines. When Lemon's artillery unit prepared sorties near the front, Dick was also aboard.

Lemon revealed in an interview during his tour of duty in the Gulf, "He's been living with us for so long, he's one of us, a desert survivor, just like us. Everybody calls him, knows him, and feeds him. He lends an air of normalcy to the place."

Dick, a Saluki, was in rough shape when Lemon found him. He was hiding under a truck in a weakened form. After a dosage of Meals-Ready-to-Eat (MREs), he was soon ready for active duty. According to Lemon, "His favorite MRE is chicken ala king, which we hate."

During offensive maneuvers, Dick travelled with Lemon. Although the only animal mascot listed on the air force manifest, Lemon said he would hide under the truck through howitzer fire.
The battalion commander, Captain Hodges Washington, listed one of Dick's major accomplishments as field sanitation non-commissioned officer. He was responsible for making an

example of personnel who did not tightly seal all refuse, by strewing their garbage throughout the area.

Staff Sergeant Gregg Boren maintained, “He provided something different from the boring days. He was great for morale.”

“We’ve noticed some other unusual things about Dick that seemed to have come from his living in the desert,” observed Lemon. “He attempted to herd camels every time he saw a group of them so we thought he probably lived with a shepherd at some time. In addition, he drank very little water and had never seen a bird or a squirrel.

“Also, we used him on guard duty a lot because he howled like a camel screaming. We called it his camel call.”

Lemon writes,” Dick is still with the unit and when not participating in any unit activity, he can usually be found sleeping on the first sergeant’s couch. He has adjusted very well to life here. He lives at my home and goes to work with me.

“I have received a great deal of help and information from a member of the Saluki association in this area and he may be able to breed later this summer (1991). They are helping to pay for his air fare back here from Saudi Arabia.”

Chapter Six

Other Military Mascots

Letter from Giles M. Bailey

New Orleans, Louisiana, May 1991 at the Clarion Hotel, a reunion of the USS Campbell unveiled a sculpture of their chief mascot, Sinbad.

Two sculptures were created by New York City's Rita-Brue Stanziani. One given to the Coast Guard Headquarters and the other to USCGC Campbell crew.

Letter from William R. Bridgeman

I served in Saudi Arabia in 1971-72 in the Saudi Arabian Mobility Program, during which our army oversaw contractor support for the Saudi Ordnance Corps. I was located in the capital of Riyadh, where there were a number of military folks, and a minimal of social life.

One of my friends Major Marty Bennett was stationed out in the desert at Tabuk. He was, in essence, a one-man unit. Since he was overseeing the work of a U.S./British maintenance site, a German construction company and a Saudi GS/DS Ordnance establishment viewed him as the guy with the big stick. He lived a solitary existence.

One day he spotted a small kitten in the shop area. He chased it down and retrieved it from under a truck. He kept it in the porta-kamp where he lived. (A porta-kamp was a small rectangular metal building, something like a little house trailer). When he came home in the afternoon, the kitten would attack him and they would play fight. As the kitten grew into a full grown cat, these tussles became more serious. Marty would come down to Riyadh with bloody scratches all over his arms. As long as he and the cat accepted this arrangement, it was okay by me.

When the time came for Marty to rotate home, he wanted to take his buddy with him. He brought the cat to Riyadh and lodged it in his bachelor officer quarter room while taking care of the paperwork. All of us, including the houseboy, avoided the room as the cat ambushed anyone who entered. I went along with Marty to a Saudi veterinarian to get something to tranquillize the cat for the trip home and still remember my surprise when the doctor prescribed Valium. I had thought it was only for humans.

We got them off to the airport. I know it cost Marty a couple of hundred dollars to take the cat home and that was good money back in 1972. Some months later, I returned to the States and found myself in the D.C. area. This wasn't far from Ft. Meade, where Marty was stationed so I went to visit him. Naturally, I asked about the cat. Marty said that when he got home, he went out in the back yard and opened the cat's travel box. The cat scampered out and ran off. He was never seen again.

Later in 1979, I found myself back in Saudi Arabia as part of the contractor staff for the Saudi

Arabian Mobility Program. I was stationed in Jeddah, and until my family joined me, I lived on the site with the men.

We had a diverse group of about 70 men comprised of 14 different nationalities. Our German was a veteran tank commander from World War II's 15th Panzer Division. One of the Turks had served in his country's submarine service. Several of the Koreans and all of the Americans were Vietnam veterans. Our Egyptian had served in the 1967 and 1973 wars. One thing all of these men had in common was a group of cats which lived at the site.

There were about eight or nine cats, all with names and individual character traits, who lived communally about the barracks and mess hall. The men accepted the cats much as they accepted each other. It was a group program. No one man fed or petted any one particular cat. No cat lived in any particular man's room. A cat might hang around one man one day and someone else the next.

Of all the mascot stories I ever heard, the best came from the 187th Regimental Combat Team when it was in Japan between World War II and Korea. Each of the RCT companies had a pet based on their letter designation and if the animal could be put in a parachute, it also jumped with them. Some, like C Company, had a cat carried by a man in a kit bag. D Company had a dog for which a small parachute was fashioned and it successfully jumped alone. M Company had a monkey, which like our monkey in Vietnam, suffered by its association with man. They devised a parachute for the monkey and everything functioned as advertised. However, once under a canopy, the monkey tried to climb the risers and sit on the parachute. This didn't work.

During the late 1960s, I worked for a Major Ed Fricke, who had been an enlisted man in B Company. Their mascot was a bear. It was an Asian bear and it made a number of successful parachute jumps. It did not like being a paratrooper, though. One of Ed's missions was to rig the bear. The bear always knew what was coming and fought back. Ed told me it required three men to rig the bear and they took a lot of damage every time they did it.

I also heard from a retired ex-member of the 187th named Chuck Peeler that H Company had a hog that jumped several times.

Letter from Gunnery Sergeant Hendrik Brunsveld

I was a member of First Recon Battalion, First Marine Division, Camp Pendleton, California from 1980 through to 1982. The battalion was stationed at Camp Talaga, situtated on the north tip of Camp Pendleton's northwest corner, east of San Clemente, California. The camp has since been abandoned.

The battalion had a few dogs as mascots and they lived semi-wild within the camp. The most well known, respected and loved was Cindy. She was a mixed breed Collie and lived around the camp for more years than anybody truly knew. She did as she pleased and had privileged passage anywhere within the compounds.

The story was that she had been trained for Vietnam and was around the Marine Corps since birth. Sometime in the 1970s, her master let her go or she just left on her own. When the Recon Battalion returned to Talaga, she eventually came to dwell among them.

Cindy was present at all military formations and seemed to know what they were about. When the colonel or sergeant major stood in front of the battalion to speak, Cindy went up to them and paced back and forth as they did or would sit by as they spoke. She seemed to know the difference between the senior marines and junior men.

She never missed a battalion Friday morning run that I can remember. As we did warm-up exercises (and First Recon did quite a bit of warming up), Cindy would roam through the men, brushing lightly against the ones she liked. This was a special recognition which was coveted by the recipients. On the four- and five-mile runs, the battalion took Cindy, who ran along barking now and then, and who constantly changed her position in the formation as if to stir the motivation of the men as a sergeant may do.

Cindy participated in any event she could: runs, beach training, cast from the helicopter into the open ocean, static line parachute jumps, she did it all. Throughout all her actions she always had a rock in her mouth.

The rocks were almost always the size of a baseball. She wouldn't go after anything smaller. Her teeth were worn down from this practice and it was one of her trademarks. It was said she was taught this to defend fellow marines from grenades. This was believable due to the preference in rock size and weight and that she would run with the rock after retrieving it.

I would play "get the rock" with her on the beach. She would come up to you and sort of growl, and then you'd find the correct size of rock and throw it. Cindy would chase it down and pick it up, sand and all.

Cindy would take off sometimes and not be seen for days in Talaga canyon. She would run with the coyotes and the last time anybody ever saw her, that's where she was headed.

Her grave centered Camp Talaga for years and a marker briefly told of who she was. The camp was disbanded and the grave soon forgotten. Any Recon Marine whose service with First Battalion was in the late 1970s up until 1983 or so should remember old Cinder, the Recon Ranger Dog.

My memory of Cindy stands strong. She was one hell of a dog. If she picked my hut to sleep in, I felt honored.

Letter from James E. Fahey

I recall this unique dog, Sinbad, during a tour of duty in Baltimore, Maryland in 1948. He was well known in Boston, especially in the Scolly Square area where he had a drinking tab in various bars and night clubs.

His coat had the CG insignia and his campaign ribbons. He was aboard the Campbell during the U-boat warfare in the North Atlantic in World War II. I am retired from the USCG since 1967 and always had fond memories of this pooch.

Letter from Robert S. Johnson

Joe served at Fort Meade for 14 years until his death in August 1937. At the start of his enlistment, Joe was attached to the tank unit and earned his title as the official pet of the 66th Infantry.

"Old Joe" accompanied the men on the drill fields and on maneuvers, riding with the tanks. Rain poured on Joe's burial services but the 66th Infantry still stood in military formation as Captain Francis J. Gillespie delivered the eulogy. Plans to build a monument for Joe were underway at the time of the service. It was to represent the lives he had touched from the Philippines to Panama.

Letter from James C. McNaughton, Presidio of Monterey, Command Historian

I don't remember when American soldiers began keeping mascots. Certainly by the 1920s and 1930s, mascots were common on army posts. A photo album published here in 1938 has numerous photographs of mascots.

Soldiers continued to keep mascots in World War II, Korea, Vietnam, and commanders often had to issue strict instructions forbidding mascots. (Instructions were frequently evaded.)

A pictorial history book shows certain mascots with specific troops:

Cookie: F Troop
Trooper: E Troop
Peter the Great: A Troop
Corporal Gunner: Machine Gun Troop, 11th Cavalry
King: 11th Cavalry Band

Each batter and troop of the Presidio of Monterey adopted a mascot. Sergeant Beans Avenue on post was named in honor of the dog mascot who served from 1920 to 1935 in the 11th Cavalry. They also placed a small grave marker for him.

Sergeant Tippy was honored by a poem, written by his service-mates:

SERGEANT TIPPY
1931 - 1943

Old Timer, man had no better friend!
Words fail, when thinking of your end;
Your welcome bark, and that "dry run;"
Yes, old fellow, we sure had fun.
That grand spirit and fighting heart;
It was a tank that made us part.

You were getting old and lame,
But even "Horse" couldn't make you tame;
For a dog, you were super super
Not a beggar, but a real trooper.

How you'd sit still when told, "stay there!"
Wouldn't move a muscle or a hair.

We gave you a funeral, a handsome one;
It was the least we could have done;
The "old 11th" honors you this day,
Killed in service of the U.S.A.!
Only one time did you make a slip,
A.W.O.L., Dear Old Tip.

Beside you grave "Taps" was blown;
A better soldier, we've never known;
In your own bedroll, you lie at rest,
A shelter-half covers your chest;
And though no longer your tail can wag,
We salute you as we would the Flag!

Your Buddies

Letter from Gerard L. Ratchford

I was the regimental mascot for the Duke of Connaughts Own Rifles, which is now known as the British Columbia Regiment (DCO) in Vancouver, British Columbia.

While the regiment was stationed in New Westminster from May 1940 to September 1940, I sold the Star Weekly, the Liberty Magazine and other publications to the members of the regiment.

They took a liking to me and gave me a uniform with the rank of warrant officer II. I paraded with the regiment after school and on the weekends. The regiment left New Westminster in September and went to Nanaimo, B.C.

The Rocky Mountain Rangers then moved into the camp and I became their mascot until they moved back into Kamloops, B.C. When the regiment did the long march from Kamloops to the West Coast and got near Chilliwack, I would complete my morning delivery of the News Herald newspaper and get dressed in my uniform, then meet them for a march. The last time I saw the Rocky Mountain Rangers was when they left New Westminster for Nanaimo.

The Edmonton Fusiliers moved into camp next and I was also their mascot.

Letter from Harry Rubin, Colonel (Retired)

During my 33 years in the United States army (1942-1975), I saw many mascots in many units. Two in particular come to mind: A bison calf in the 510th Tank Battalion in Germany in the early 1950s. The bison was appropriate since the 510th carried the colors of the 10th Cavalry Regiment, which had been an all Negro Regiment in the American West after the Civil War. The Indians called them Buffalo Soldiers and their unit crest contained a bison.

The second mascot was a lion cub in the 24th Infantry Division (Mechanized), also in Germany but in the early 1960s. The cub was the mascot of the division's football team, which was called the Lions. Both of these mascots seemed to be good ideas at the outset but became problems later.

Letter from Brett A. Wadsworth, First Lieutenant VMFA-122

I happen to be the junior officer in my squadron and therefore, guardian and escort for the most gallant, the most dashing, the most colorful, and the most handsome of all military mascots. His name is Machaltus or Mach for short. The name is derived from two of the most important things to a fighter pilot, speed (mach or the speed of sound), and altitude. He is a statue of a knight, approximately two and a half feet tall (small in stature but larger than life), covered from head to toe in a coat of plate armor. He carries a shield on one arm with a red cross upon a white background. The cross signifies the source of our squadron's nickname, which is the Crusaders.

Closing

It's unknown how many mascots served in warfare. There was certain to be at least one in every regiment, squadron, or ship. The only true accounts are from the men and women who knew them.

Mascots need not always be pets. They were anything that helped build the morale of the unit, be it a dog, cat, monkey, stuffed bunny, or person.

More than just an inspiration or good luck charm, mascots reminded their service-mates of the camaraderie and compassion they all had within, in spite of the horrific conditions in which they served.

They lived up to the same rules as the enlisted and were subject to the same punishment and liberties. Some were sentries, located mines, and were assigned other specific duties, like keeping the rat population at bay.

Using remarkable instincts, these war-time heroes saved the lives of many of their mates during their struggles. And they, too, were exposed to the same demise.

What is unique about these stories is you can truly feel their significance and what these mascots meant to the crew. Many of our history books discount the importance of the mascot. Even if just through the accounts of the servicemen, their stories must live on. It's part of our heritage.

E.H. Haines says it best, "This is representative of the lighter side of military life, which unfortunately, is never included in official military histories. As a result, these stories are rarely published and, therefore, are known only to those who were there. It is a sad comment to realize that when "those who were there" are no longer with us, there will be no one left to remember."

Bibliography

Animals Afloat in the Korean War – 2013 Edition. www.veterans.gc.ca

Animals at War? Pet Mascots – History is Now Magazine. www.historyisnowmagazine.com

Animals in War: "Miss Hap," Korea. www.historybyzim.com

BERCUSON, David J. and GRANATSTEIN, J. L. The Collins Dictionary of Canadian History. 1867 To The Present. Collins, Toronto, 1988.

BOUTILIER, James A. RCN In Retrospect, 1910 - 1968. University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, London, 1982.

Caesar, the Anzac dog | NZHistory, New Zealand history. www.nzhistory.net.nz

CALGARY PUBLIC LIBRARY. Social Sciences Research, W. R. Castell Central Library, Calgary.

Coast Guard Mascots Go to War. www.uscg.mil

DEAR AMERICA. Letters From Vietnam. 1987, Bill Couturie, Director; Bill Couturie and Thomas Bird, Producers; Richard Dewhurst and Bill Couturie, Screenplay.

DEWAR, Jane, Selected By. True Canadian War Stories. Legion Magazine,
Lester & Orpen Denny Limited, Toronto, 1986, 1989.

Dogs and the First World War – Country Life. www.countrylife.co.uk

DUNNIGAN, James F. and BAY, Austin. A Quick & Dirty Guide To War. Briefings on Present and Potential War. Quill, William Morrow, New York, 1991.

ELKINS, Lt. Frank. The Heart of a Man. A Naval Pilot's Vietnam Diary. Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, Maryland, 1991.

GAFFEN, Fred. Unknown Warriors. Canadians In the Vietnam War. Dundurn Press, Toronto & Oxford, 1990.

GRANATSTEIN, J. L. and MORTON, Desmond. A Nation Forged In Fire. Canadians and the Second World War 1939 - 1945. Lester & Orpen Dennys Publishers, Toronto, 1989.

HIRSCH JR., E. D. and KETT, Joseph F., and TREFIL, James. The Dictionary of Cultural Literacy. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1988.

HOLMES, Richard. The World Atlas of Warfare. Military Innovations That Changed the Course of History. Viking, Markham, New York, Australia, New Zealand, England, 1988.

HUTTON, Robin. Website: www.sgtreckless.com

Korean Mascots, 1954. www.eaglesweb.com

KRAMER, J. J. Animal Heroes. Military Mascots and Pets. Presido Press, Novato, CA, 1981.

LAMB, James B. The Corvette Navy. MacMillan of Canada, Toronto, 1977.

LAMB, James B. On The Triangle Run. MacMillan of Canada, Toronto,1986.

LIFE, Editors of. The First World War. Time Inc., 1965.

MACBETH, Jack. Ready, Aye, Ready. An Illustrated History of the Royal Canadian Navy. Key Porter Books, Toronto, 1989.

MACPHERSON, Ken and BURGESS, John. The Ships of Canada's Naval Forces 1910 - 1981. Collins, Toronto, 1981.

MELADY, John. Korea: Canada's Forgotten War. MacMillan of Canada, A Division of Gage Publishing Limited, Toronto, Canada, 1983.

Military animal mascots – Country Life. www.countrylife.co.uk

NAISH, George P. B., et al. The Visual Encyclopedia of Nautical Terms Under Sail. Crown Publishers Inc., New York, 1978.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA. Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K1A 0N3.

READERS DIGEST, Editors of. The Canadians At War 1939/45. Volume 1. Readers Digest Association (Canada) Ltd., Canada, 1969.

READERS DIGEST, Editors of. The Canadians At War 1939/45. Volume 2. Readers Digest Association (Canada) Ltd., Canada, 1969

SCHULL, Joseph. Far Distant Ships. Stoddart Publishing Co. Limited, Toronto, 1950, 1987.

SCLATER, William. Haida. PaperJacks Ltd., Markham, Ontario, 1980, Oxford University Press, Toronto, 1946.

SCOTT, Harold George. Lupow 4. Harold George Scott, Metairie, Louisiana, 1990.

STOKESBURY, James L. A Short History of the Korean War. William Morrow and Company, Inc., New York, 1988.

STONE, Oliver. Platoon. Orion Pictures, 1986.

Top 10 animal war heroes | Children's books | The Guardian. www.theguardian.com

Vietnam mascots | NZHistory, New Zealand history online. www.nzhistory.net.nz

WARD, Joseph T. Dear Mom. A Sniper's Vietnam. Ivy Books, Published by Ballantine Books, New

York, 1991.

ZARN, George. Prairie Boys Afloat. George Zarn, Idelwood Farm, High River, Alberta, 1979.

ZUMWALT JR., Admiral Elmo and ZUMWALT III, Lieutenant Elmo. My Father, My Son. MacMillan Publishing Company, Canada, 1986.

About the Author

As freelance sports media, Debbie Elicksen covered the National Hockey League, National Lacrosse League, and worked with Hockey Canada. As an administrator, she was public relations director for a Triple A baseball team. Her five books on sports are from a personal, behind the scenes angle.

Besides having sat on the City of Calgary Sports Steering Committee, during her 18 years as a football administrator, she was the first woman to headman a football conference in Canada and was a league executive for six of those years. She has been president and assistant general manager of football club; has lobbied for on-field and off-field league improvements; has overseen game day operations and business and football operations; managed equipment and team travel arrangements; negotiated coaching salaries, and even negotiated a team into the conference.

In Triple A baseball, she worked closely with the professional team and was responsible for overseeing game day operations, media liaison, and community events. She was a volunteer media liaison for the hockey committee during the Olympic Winter Games in Calgary.